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LYRICS AND SKETCHES.

BY

WILLIAM M. MARTIN.

Nashville, Tenn.:

PRINTED AT THE
SOUTHERN METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

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Memoir Notes.

BY A FRIEND.

I.

PHILOSOPHY will perhaps never be able, within the limits of human life, to explain the moral anomaly of early death.

It is a phenomenon unclassified; a fact that human speculation hands up to a higher tribunal.

That there is a legitimate moral end subserved—a good and great purpose consummated—we feel that it were atheism to deny.

† It is the part of the human to cry out against it. It is the part of the Divine to say: Thy will be done.

Let the Divine silence the human cry, and let Faith say: It is well.

We may not understand; yet we may trust.

Few of the wise sayings are so utterly void of meaning as that of Menander:

* Ον οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

Plautus put no life into the dead thought when he uttered it in the since-dead Roman tongue :

Quem dii diligunt adolescens moritur.

Nay, nay ; at last,

“All philosophy, all faith,
All earthly, all celestial lore,
Have but one voice, which only saith,
Endure—adore!”

II.

He of whom we are to speak, died early—a little past twenty-three ; just a third of three-score years and ten.

WILLIAM MAXWELL MARTIN was born in Columbia, South Carolina, on Sunday, June 4, 1837.

Previous to his fifteenth year he had, in addition to a careful course of English studies, acquired a good knowledge of French, and had pursued with some success the Hebrew language and Drawing. He then added the classics, in which his progress was rapid and his attainments accurate ; and in 1852 he entered the Freshman class of the South Carolina College. Two years later he was removed to Wofford College, where he graduated in 1857, aged just twenty years. His Commencement speech, “The Calico Flag,” produced a sensation in its way beyond any thing in the annals of the college. In 1858 he was elected principal of the Palmetto School in Columbia, which position he resigned at the end of that year. The next year he taught as private tutor. In 1860 he taught a school

at St. George's, in the lower section of his native State. This school, a large one, and successfully conducted, he resigned at the end of one year, for the purpose of devoting himself directly to his law studies; resigned cheerfully, for teaching had never been to him a congenial pursuit. From his purpose of professional study he was diverted by circumstances arising at this period—circumstances that lie in store for the pen of the future historian of our country. Immediately after the secession of South Carolina, the threatening aspect of affairs in Charleston harbor required the presence of additional military forces. A call was made for volunteers immediately available. Our poet friend attached himself to the Columbia Artillery, the first company called into actual service from that city, and left with it for Charleston, on the 2d of January, 1861. They were at once stationed in Fort Moultrie, near the site of the Fort Moultrie of Revolutionary fame. He had part in the firing upon the Star of the West, on the 9th of January—as daring and gallant an act as any in the history of our country. He was promoted during his brief service, for soldierly conduct. On the night of Thursday, January 31, an alarm called the command to arms; and they stood to their guns during the whole of a damp and disagreeable night. This exposure produced on our young friend a slight chill, attended with fever. For a fortnight he continued indisposed, without any very alarming symptoms, partly in the hospital and partly in Charleston. On the 16th he sought his home in Columbia, and there the fever assumed a typhoid character, and terminated his life on the morn-

ing of Thursday, February 21—one of the first victims laid upon the altar of our country in this recent struggle for liberty.

His the privilege to give his life to his country. It was one of his own patriot dreams. His the lot

“In golden poet dreams to live,
And, ere they fade, to fall.”

III.

As a poet, he stood very near to Nature, and was wont to listen attentively and sincerely for her voice to set his own to music; nor listened in vain.

He loved, beyond all things of so-called inanimate nature, the magnificence of the ocean. There was a fascination in its wondrous beauty; a prophecy to his soul in its wondrous utterances. There was a significance and a life to him in the sweep of distance, the action and energy, the power and solemn loneliness, the great purpose that beamed and throbbed in its mighty wave-pulses. The awe of its great presence sat upon his soul with an autoeracy that left no power to rebel.

Next to the ocean, his passion was the proud mountain: Here his emotion was more varied. The haughty brow, the peaceful and distant vale, the wild gorge, the slumbering cove, the dark and silent glen, the hushed recess, the swell and succession of neighboring eminences, all bore to his attentive soul their own peculiar utterances; all filled, warmed, and elevated his spirit. His varied tourings through our sunny land attached

him to many spots; spots hallowed to his soul by beauty alone, beyond the home-spots his heart clung to; but of all these shrines of beauty, he clung with most devotion to Cæsar's Head. They who have caught the spell of its great presence by seeing its living grandeur, will understand this loyalty to a scenic throne of beauty. His attachment to this locality was peculiar; like a fascination, so beautiful, too, in its pure devotion.

His soul felt a vitality in all beauty. Freedom, then, was a native characteristic of his intellect also. The flower embodied a thought or a feeling:

“Lovely are the flowers,
Seeming almost humanly;
Tender, fair, and fragile,
Clinging as if womanly.”

He looked with a cold eye upon nothing in nature—nothing that God has made and filled with life; and God is in every thing, from the univereecelestial grandeurs of astronomy, down to the shapeless pebble that helps receive the rising tide. For him “the smiling buds of spring” “laughed in flowers.” The humble flower was dear to him; for it bore his spirit messages from the great Genius of Beauty. The proud mountain was his favorite haunt; for its grandeur thundered into his soul's ear great truths of the Eternal in Power. The outer world, in brook, breeze, and moving power everywhere, spoke to his sensitive soul their several whisperings of Eternal Love.

This nearness to nature, and this recognition of her

vital nearness to man and to God, gave his soul a tone eminently religious; and this spirit pervades and imparts its bright spell to much that he has written. It is above and independent of mere form, and, like the vital breath, is the soul's atmosphere, rather than its *form* of faith.

IV.

As a humorist, his vein was incessant. His presence was a light wherever it came. Like the gushing charity of his heart, it was inexhaustible and constant. Its range, under guide of the most rigid taste, extended from the reckless banter of the wayside—the pun, the quirk, the brilliant repartee—to the polished jewel of wit that would adorn the coronal of a queen of society.

The Hon. William C. Preston said of him, while yet a boy, "He will be the Rabelais of America."

The occasional Humor Sketches that he contributed to the periodicals of the day, of which specimens are given in the present volume, are far from being samples of his *living* humor. Most of these bear marks of haste, adaptation to special occasions and to broader tastes, and for immediate effect, rather than give a fair reflex of the humorous character of the author. The freshness, however, of every thing he wrote, the joyous conviviality of tone, the unstudied mirthfulness, the informality, the carelessness, the complete *abandon*—these things tend to disarm literary criticism. While we must put some literary estimate upon them, we must do so remembering the author's youthfulness, the almost private nature of such productions, and the still

more significant fact that he wrote these things rather to fill a column of broad humor than to meet his own ideal of composition.

V.

In all his writings—poetical, humorous, political, epistolary, didactic—there is no bitterness. There was no malice in his heart. In his broadest dash of humor there is no gibe to rankle in any human bosom.

VI.

From that extreme of unquestioning gladness of style in many of the prose extracts, and in some of the poems, the distance would seem almost infinite to the other extreme of moral sadness. Our friend's finest efforts lie near the poles of this intervening sphere. This contrast is found nowhere else, we believe, so striking, except, perhaps, in Burns. Our poet, however, did at his immature age more and finer things than Burns had done when several years older; and Burns lived and wrote fifteen years longer than he. In other things these two were alike—in love of nature, in simplicity and earnestness, in generous trust of friends, in whole-souled cordiality, the passion of patriotism, manliness, frankness;

“A love of right, a scorn of wrong,
Of coward and of slave;”

in military tastes, and in nationality.

But we take no pleasure in urging such a comparison. We would not consent to call our friend the

Burns of America; because it would be an injustice to the culture, the purity, and the promise of our friend. Burns at the age of twenty-three had written three pieces that have survived to us; the other had written all that he was permitted in life to write.

VII.

In estimating *all* that he has written, his age should be remembered. His career had only begun. His idea of the poet's mission had only assumed a definite form when his hand was stilled. The son of a poetess, he wore the bard-robe a brief term, and laid it aside. His first verses, included in the present volume, were written at the age of sixteen. They were addressed to Miss B., a Carolina *cantatrice*, just then rising into favor and distinction. Virgin verses, inspired by beauty and music—how appropriate the offering!

VIII.

Oratory was one of his special gifts. In this he early sat at the feet of "the old man eloquent," the Hon. William C. Preston. He was quite as much an orator born as he was a poet. Culture developed both. Without culture, both must have been comparatively powerless. This example illustrates what the whole history of mind proves, namely, the nonsense of Cicero's idea, *Nascimur poetæ, simus oratores*. With equal force, too, would appear the absurdity of the French proverb, *Bon poëte, mauvais homme*.

IX.

Whoever will read with us a few pieces in this volume, we deem will agree with us in our estimate of the poet's genius.

If any one fail to *feel* what makes the "Sunset Prayer" a true poem, no comment by us can ever reach him. In earnest manliness and in vigorous truth, "A Man dies not till his Work is done," stands among the best poems in our Southern literature. These also are true poems: "Madeline," "A Wail for the Gifted," and "My Cross." There is a native tenderness touchingly poetic in "Baby is at Rest." In playful fancy we know of few things that surpass "To Lily and Flowers," and in sentiment, "How Beauteous is Moonlight," and "Mary."

Has any other poet in our language, before the age of twenty-three, produced poems of this range, excellence, and finish?

X.

That which is of the earth, earthy, rests in his native city. President Longstreet, in the funeral discourse, beautifully evolved the faith-triumph in this brilliant and brief life. And those who have known him intimately these later days; who have read his letters to his family and friends; who have learned the conversations during his last illness; who have felt and seen the chastened spirit of the once wayward being; who, at last, have looked upon the beautiful peace of his

death-presence ; those, we deem, must feel and believe, with that aged divine, that in his death a trusting and accepted soul had been wafted in peace to its God.

He has passed back from the severe probation of earth,

“The chastened spirit to its God,
The humble dust to dust.”

He was buried with military honors, in the burying-ground of the Washington Street Church. A fluted broken column of white marble marks the spot. Around the column above, the sculptor's hand has hung a wreath of flowers, and upon the pedestal lies a single bloom. Beneath this, upon the western side of the quadrangular die, are these words :

“WILLIAM MAXWELL MARTIN. Born 4th June, 1837. Died 21st Feb., 1861. ‘The first Martyr to Southern Independence.’ His death caused by exposure in defence of his native State, at Fort Moultrie.”

On the southern side, beneath a banner in *basso relievo*, are these lines :

“Furl o’er the Poet’s grave
The banner that he sang.”

On the eastern, is a couplet from his own verses, with his initials attached :

“Severed hearts shall be united
In that blessed home-land—heaven.—W. M. M.”

On the north, beneath a sculptured lyre, we read :

“And lay upon his narrow cell
The tuneful Lyre he loved so well.”

The die rests upon a base of dark brown sandstone.
Around it are the solemn, silent dead.

Past it, moves the tide of noisy, struggling life.

Ancient and above it floats the atmosphere of a
memory hallowed by earth's purest affection. Foot-
steps, led and lighted by love, visit it often ; but oftener
still do cherishing hearts pilgrim thither.

J. W. D.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

BY A. B. LONGSTREET, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH
CAROLINA COLLEGE.

WILLIAM MAXWELL MARTIN, son of William and Margaret Martin, heads of the Columbia Female College, died on the 21st February last, in the city of Columbia, S. C., in the 24th year of his age.

He was a young man of rare endowments. His immediate ancestry in the paternal line were from Mecklenburg county, North Carolina; his great-grandfather, besides other revolutionary services, commanded a company at "King's Mountain;" in the maternal line, they were from Dumfriesshire, Scotland. The bard who has immortalized the shire was not his superior as a poet at his age. In some respects they were alike; in others, they differed widely. They were both tender in sentiment, sparkling in wit, and glowing in fancy; both appreciative of nature in all her aspects; both sportive and grave by turns.

During the funeral obsequies of the deceased, his remains reposed on the spot where he received the ordinance of baptism in his infancy, and gave his hand to the Church in his early boyhood. His last public address was on "Patriotism," and the last scene of his life was a beautiful illustration of it. He was among the first to volunteer in the service of his State after her second Declaration of Independence.

He was assigned to the defence of Fort Moultrie. Here he renewed his covenant with his Maker; and now, uniting in himself the Christian, the scholar, and the soldier, he discharged his duties to the admiration of every one. Called suddenly from his bed to his gun, upon a raw and chilly night, he neglected the proper precaution for shielding his person from the severities of the season. Exposed to them through many hours, he contracted the disease which terminated his existence. He lived to reach the paternal roof, leave to his parents the best consolation in their bereavement, and died—the first martyr to Southern Independence.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM THE REV. WM. M. WIGHTMAN, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT OF THE
SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF WOFFORD COLLEGE.

I CONSIDERED William one of the most interesting of all the young men I have known. His intellect was of the first order; his imagination had the true poetic fire; his power of application, when he chose to put it forth, would have placed him in the front rank of the combatants for worldly influence and fame. He could easily have taken the first honor at college had he striven for it, but, like most men of genius, he disdained the patient toil, the painstaking, plodding industry which so often wins the prize when wrestling against mere genius. I considered his commencement speech one of the best I have ever known

produced by a graduating class. . . . Purified from the frailties of earth, his exalted powers shall find in eternity a fitting development—a boon denied on earth.

EDITORIAL OBITUARY NOTICE,

FROM THE YORKVILLE (S. C.) ENQUIRER, TO WHICH HE WAS CONTRIBUTING EDITOR.

WILLIAM M. MARTIN.

Our Columbia friend, Mr. Jas. Wood Davidson, sends us a touching and worthy tribute to the memory of this sunny-hearted child of song, genial and kindly humorist, and youthful patriot soldier, who died in Columbia on Wednesday night of last week, from the effects of exposure while at the post of duty and danger at Charleston. It is needless for us to add a word to this full and impartial, yet warmly sympathetic and appreciative tribute to one whom we had learned to love as a man and admire as a genius. But we cannot tear the cherished name from its place above, without striving to give utterance to the sorrow that rolls its heavy tide back upon us at every effort to throw it off.

Our memory forces us to recall the Chattertons, the Keats, the Shelleys, the Drakes, and the Poes of literature, who,

“Like the rainbow’s lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm,”

gave us a few glimpses into the universe of unrevealed beauty, and then exhaled in a fragrant cloud of song to heaven. Alas! is genius indeed a disease preying upon its possessor, like a worm at the ruddiest flower's heart? Certain it is, the gem is often set in a delicate casket. But we had looked forward for our gifted young friend and literary brother, with undoubting hope, to a long life of continually increasing lustre. The symmetry of his form, the rosy hue of his cheek, and the healthful sparkle of his eye, promised as much. Now, however, the daisies, the violets, and the roses of this spring will bloom above his youthful grave. If South Carolina loses nothing more, she has paid of her richest treasure for the priceless boon of liberty.

The Carolinian, commenting on his death, remarks:

“He is well known as a writer of infinite humor. Some of his contributions, both poetry and prose, evince decided genius. He was a regular contributor to the Yorkville Enquirer, and his death by the readers of that paper will be particularly lamented. He died in the service of the State, and, as a tribute to his memory, his remains will be escorted to their last resting-place this morning with military respect—a detachment of the Artillery Company, honorary members of the Richland Volunteer Rifle Company, and the Governor's Guards having tendered themselves as an escort.”

The readers of the Enquirer will, we are sure, feel every word of this that relates to them. His numerous prose contributions, chiefly over the familiar

signature of "Ruby," carried with them an irresistible charm of wholesome humor and bewitching gayety. And the sweetest singing-bird of the grove might borrow new and sweeter notes from the honeyed music of his poetry. We rejoice to learn that these fugitive emanations—the history of a radiant, fascinating, early-expiring genius—are to be collected and preserved as the embalmment of the departed poet's name.

We had the pleasure of only a short personal acquaintance with Mr. Martin. We met him for the first time—and never afterwards in conversation—in the Convention Hall at Columbia, on the day when South Carolina resolved upon the action, in the vindication of which he has given his life. Surrounded as we were by many of the noblest spirits of the State, engaged too in a work of intensest interest to us, we were nevertheless irresistibly attracted to him by the atmosphere of artlessness and good nature enfolding him, and the lovely inspiration of his face. We shall therefore cherish his image as we would an ideal—as the impersonation of looks and tones that darted instant sunshine into our heart. And thus we beg to come, with kindred, and friends, and the State, and mingle our sad sympathies with the tears that have fallen from loving eyes over the early grave of the poet, who "to the good brings the best."

EDITORIAL OBITUARY NOTICE,

FROM THE CONSERVATIST.

DEATH OF WILLIAM M. MARTIN.

It was with unaffected sorrow that we read the subjoined solemn announcement of the South Carolinian. Mr. Martin was a young man of brilliant parts and of high social qualities. Sincere and devoted in his friendships, he had attached to himself many warm friends throughout the State, who appreciated his merits and admired his talents. Among the many young men in South Carolina eager to serve her in this day of her trial, no one is more willing cheerfully to sacrifice life and all else on the altar of his country, than was William M. Martin. Yielding to patriotic impulses, he intended to exchange for a time the pen for the sword; but, alas for the uncertainty of human expectations, his hands are now laid cold in death, and never more will he wield with his uncommon grace that which is "mightier than the sword." It was in the exposure of the soldier, as we learn, that he contracted the disease that terminated in his untimely death. In the number of papers and periodicals in the State whose columns his writings graced, we were always glad the *Conservatist* was one. Our readers have at different times read and enjoyed, with real pleasure, his entertaining communications; and now that he is no more, and his body is borne to its last resting-place, they will join us in this feeble tribute to perished talent and departed worth.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF W. M. MARTIN,

BY PROFESSOR J. L. REYNOLDS, D.D., OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

WEEP for the early dead,
The funeral wail prolong
For him too quickly sped,
The gifted child of song;
And lay upon his narrow cell
The tuneful lyre he loved so well.

Furl o'er the poet's grave
The banner that he sang,
In strains that shook the wave,
And o'er the mountain rang;
And hang upon the cypress there
His stainless sword, and helm, and spear.

Blest be the warrior bard,
Whose love is still the same,
His country's homes to guard,
Or celebrate her fame;
Warmed by the same celestial fire,
He draws the sword or strikes the lyre.

Alas! the rainbow hues
That arched his early years,
Transformed to clouds, diffuse
In showers of falling tears;
And he has won a warrior's crown,
For whom we craved a bard's renown.

Not where fierce squadrons wheel
 Upon the ensanguined sod,
Amid the clash of steel,
 He gave his soul to God;
But sheltered in the parent-nest,
The wearied bird of song found rest.

Weep not the poet dead;
 Faith whispers, "It is well;"
While round his lowly bed
 Hope's fragrant blossoms swell;
And he who life's dark mazes trod,
Now sleeps in Christ, and rests with God.

THE POET'S GRAVE.

BY PROFESSOR J. L. REYNOLDS, D.D., OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COLLEGE.

I GAZED upon the poet's grave, as closed the funeral
 day;
The armed array, the virgin train, the throng had
 passed away;
And from the temple's sombre walls, the shadows,
 dark and chill,
Fell lengthening o'er the churchyard sward, and all
 was calm and still.

All still, save that the dripping dew, as drop by drop
 it fell
From leaf to leaf, with tinkling tone, rang out a quiet
 knell,

And trickled on the silent stone which marks the
stadium's bound,
Where life's spent coursers reach the goal, and rest
from toil is found.

The night wore on, the moon looked down, with aspect
sad and mild,
And lit up every dewdrop there, to deck the Muses'
child;
For she had heard his votive lyre, and caught the
lofty strain
Which hailed her as the queen of night amid her
starry train.

Methought I heard a distant wail, a faintly uttered
dirge,
And from the dusky shadows saw a funeral train
emerge;
Such plaintive notes, so sweetly sad, such mourning
train, I ween,
No mortal ear hath ever heard, no mortal eye hath
seen.

First came a troop of fairies armed, and clad in
corselets bright,
With burnished helms, and shields, and spears, that
flashed with quivering light;
The guardsmen of the tiny flowers, with slow and
measured tread,
And drooping flag and arms reversed, closed round the
poet dead.

In order next passed slowly on the feathered minstrel
choir,
With staid and solemn mien they marched, in sable,
sad attire;
Bereft of him their favorite bard, forlorn and desolate,
They mourn their brother minstrel's loss, their own
unhappy fate.

Next came a band of beauteous flowers, the poet's
young compeers,
And, sighing, hung their drooping heads besprent with
dewy tears;
The playmates of his sunny youth, their rich and rare
perfume
Brought forth, with verdant wreaths, to dress their
faded laureate's tomb.

From gurgling fount and rippling stream, from vale
and mountain side,
From nook and dell, all o'er the land his muse had
glorified,
The dryads and the oreads came, the nymphs of wood
and wave,
Came flocking on to chant the dirge around their
poet's grave.

Borne in their trembling hands I saw the dark funereal
yew,
The weeping willow's trailing boughs, the cypress'
mournful hue :

Emblems of this our mortal state, memorials of the
doom

That garners with the ripened sheaf the bud's unfold-
ing bloom.

The seasons came: pale Autumn, clad in robes of
russet brown,

And Winter, with his withered leaves, and dripping,
icy crown;

Next, gentle Spring, with seeds and bulbs, to plant
the mound with flowers,

And Summer, with her golden fruits, and tears instead
of showers.

Then, in the long procession, moved the beautiful and
young,

The loved and loving gentle ones the youthful bard
had sung;

And they whose bruised hearts had known his sweetly
soothing lay,

Were gathered there to weep their loss, and grateful
homage pay.

The "golden curls" of "little Lou" lay wet upon her
cheek;

Poor "little Mae" and "lovely Rose" for weeping
could not speak;

While "fair-haired Mary," "Katie Blair," and sor-
rowful "Lenore"

Caught the sad plaint of "Natalie," and sighed, "O,
nevermore."

With downcast eyes and heaving breast, the wayworn
 "Stranger" passed,
And "Lily," in her guileless youth, her tear-drops
 falling fast;
While, drooping in her voiceless woe, appeared the
 saintly mien
Of her, the queenliest of the fair, the sweet "Evan-
 geline."

Within the churchyard's open gate the ranks of
 mourners pressed,
And, closing round the dewy turf where lay the bard
 at rest,
The requiem sang, in strains so sad, so sweet beyond
 compare,
The angels must have stooped to hear, and linger
 listening there.

Perchance, they lent their minstrelsy, for when I gazed
 on high,
Methought I saw their jewelled wings flash through
 the parted sky;
Entranced I gazed; then turned to view the poet's
 sleeping bed—
The chant had ceased, the mourners gone, the gorgeous
 vision fled.

LAMENT FOR RUBY.

THE funeral rites are done,
And, like the setting sun,
 Thy gentle mem'ry lingers in the breast;
As when the rosy day
Passes in light away
 From yonder west.

A star from Heaven fell down,
That with its radiant crown
 Illumed the night:
Darkness and ashes now
Sit where its shining brow
 Glittered in light.

A harp has ceased its flow,
That in the long ago
 Poured forth Æolian strains:
Silence is where its lay
Rose like the rising day
 O'er these bright plains.

We mourn thy early doom,
And by thy quiet tomb
 The violets wreathe:
Roses beside the spot
Whisper, "Forget me not,"
 And wild flowers breathe.

And the low summer breeze,
Murmuring upon the leas,
Mourns thy sad fall.
All—all—is over now,
The sunshine of thy brow
Beneath the pall.

ESTELLE (Miss THOMPSON).

GREENVILLE, S. C., Feb. 27.

WILLIAM MAXWELL MARTIN.

WE mourn thee a bard, a patriot gone,
A fair child of genius, a loved spirit flown,
The young heart so buoyant with life and with glee,
The withered hopes buried for ever with thee.

The harp which on earth was attuned to thy songs,
Is exchanged for the harp which to seraphs belongs;
And the scenes of this world, so dark and so drear,
Have been left for a brighter, a glorious sphere.

Though great is our loss, yet greater thy gain—
Thou'lt suffer no more in sorrow or pain—
The ancients, prophetic, were right when they sung,
That “whom the gods love, are doomed to die
young.”

Yet sadly we grieve, and affection's tears flow—
For nature is weak and o'erburdened with woe—
But ties which on earth are so painfully riven,
Will be reunited more firmly in heaven.

While sorrowing hearts were surrounding thy bier,
And thy requiem mournfully fell on the ear,
Hope murmured, "Sleep on! sleep on!" in the rest
Prepared for the saints in the home of the blest.
M. C. P.

THOUGHTS OF ONE ON THE THIRTEENTH OF APRIL.

Low and lonely
Lieth he, this gala day;
He that only
For this longer wished to stay,*
To behold it
When fame told it
Freedom's, with her proudest lay.

Ere our flag waved
On our own Fort Sumter's wall,
He had death braved,
He had freely ventured all,

* In his last conversation with his father, he said that although entirely resigned to death, and ready, he believed, through the mercy of Christ, to meet it, yet he desired, if consistent with God's will, to live long enough to see how things would go on at Fort Moultrie.

To behold it,
Free, unfolded,
 Waving from yon flag-staff tall.

There 'tis floating,
 O, how glorious and free!
As denoting
 Light, and life, and liberty.
But ah! never
Shall he ever
 That much longed-for sight now see.

Bells are ringing;
 Cannon's boomings rend the air:
Lightning's bringing
 News of joy for all to share.
Him it wakes not;
Ah, it breaks not
 On his now impervious ear.

Once he'd heard it
 With the eagerest of them all,
When he girded
 On his sword, at Freedom's call,
And his life gave
To the strife brave;
 Then at duty's post did fall.

Seems the shouting,
 As it comes so loud and near,

As 'twere flouting
The poor weeping mourner's tear?
No! no! never!
For, for ever
'T will be as his requiem dear.

Joy and gladness
For the battle bravely won!
And no sadness
For the brave young soldier gone:
Trump and tabor,
Sound! His labor
Is rewarded, and is done. M. M.

Lyrics.

THE SUNSET PRAYER.

THE gold-crusted gates of the purple-hung West
Have oped to receive the Day-God to his rest ;
While the handmaids of Thetis, who blushing wait
To welcome the monarch with songs at the gate,
Robed in soft silken cymars of roseate hue,
Are preparing to scatter the diamond-like dew.

'Tis a calm Sabbath eve, and a breeze softly blows,
Perfumed with the breath of a newly-born rose,
And the envoy of night, in her mantle of gray,
Comes on, while a bird chants a dirge o'er the day.

From their homes in the heavens, the stars, as they
rise,
Look down to the earth with their bright loving eyes,
And bright loving eyes too look up *from* the earth,
And woo the sweet stars till they twinkle with mirth.

The Queen of the night-time — the silver-crowned
Queen—

Sends her heralding raylets to lighten the scene,
And the spectre-like forms of the Oak-tree and Pine
Glide silently forth, and their weird arms entwine.

There's a fairy-like music which comes through the
trees,

And the murmur of waters is borne on the breeze,
And sings to my soul the sweet anthems of streams,
Like the mystical music heard only in dreams;
And to mortals a soul-filling draught is once given
Of love and of beauty—a foretaste of heaven.

And now, all regardless, forgetful, of earth—
Of its pleasures or woes, of its sorrows or mirth,
Of its triumphs of Science, its glories of Art,
A *prayer* would well up from the depths of my heart;
I'd pray the great Father of Goodness and Truth
To pardon the wild wayward errors of youth,
To bring back the Hope of the blest days of yore,
And give me the Faith of my boyhood once more.

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS are but sunbeams,
Prisoned in fair chalices,
Finer far than rubies
Glowing in rich palaces.

Dewy drops have lent them
 Diamonds from their treasury,
 But they kiss the flowers
 Till they're paid with usury.

Evening stars have wooed them
 Peeping forth so cheerily,
 Till their bells, the flowers,
 All were ringing merrily.

Breezes oft have kissed them,
 Passing by so airily ;
 Summer showers refreshed them,
 Drooping down so wearily.

Lovely are the flowers,
 Seeming almost humanly ;
 Tender, fair, and fragile,
 Clinging as if womanly.

LITTLE MAE.

FLITTING through the passage-way,
 Smiling sweetly, bright and gay,
 Stepping lightly, little Mae
 Came and stole my heart away.

Roses bloom upon her cheek
Under eyes demurely meek ;
But I never dare to seek
To gather roses from her cheek ;

E'en the thought would make them bloom
Blushing crimson ; quick they'd come
Crowding, till there was not room
For another rose to bloom.

She has tender violet eyes,
Where in ambush Cupid lies,
Whence he issues to surprise
Me, when gazing in those eyes ;

And they beam with radiant light,
As do stars on summer's night ;
Still retaining pure and bright
Gleams they caught from heavenly light.

Lilies blossom on her brow
Pure as is the driven snow,
White as angel robes they blow
On her classic marble brow ;

Down her neck so soft and fair,
On her bosom, they are there,
Gleaming on her shoulders bare
Are the lilies pure and fair.

Every flower that blooms in May,
Where the fairies love to play
Till they fly the coming day,
Joins to deck *my* lovely *Mae*.

Flitting through the passage-way,
Smiling sweetly, bright and gay,
Stepping lightly, little Mae
Came and stole my heart away.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

What is woman? Not a bauble,
Lightly to be toyed and played with;
But a partner of man's bosom,
Whom he goes through light and shade with.

What is woman? Not the creature
Of a day or joyous hour,
But a sunbeam brightly gleaming,
When the darkest tempests lower.

What is woman? Not the being
Of to-day or of to-morrow,
But through life the patient sharer
Of man's sunshine, of man's sorrow.

What is woman? A fair flower
Whom our gracious God hath planted
In this beauteous earthly garden,
Till in his own palace wanted.

What is woman? Hark! the angels
Come their choral anthem singing,
While the golden bells of heaven
Loud their joyous chimes are ringing.

Thus they're singing: "She's an angel,
Sent to man from God above him,
From the shining courts of glory,
And her mission was to love him."

THE COLONEL.

He lay stretched out on an old pine log,
By his one-eyed horse and his bob-tail dog;
And his breeches were showing by many a *rent*
That their lease, though a long one, was almost spent.
And as *real estate* you might class his shirt,
For its cotton was long since buried in dirt;
And the brim of his broad-brimmed beaver was
gnawed,
But it was broad-brimmed still, for the brim was
a-broad.

The rays of the sun were pouring down
On the place where his hat should have had a crown.
With emotions of pity I drew near his bed,
And, gently to wake him, I punched at his head
With the point of my fishing-rod ten feet long—
For, you see, the Colonel was burly and strong;
And as he turned over he slipped off the log,
And fell on the back of his curtailed dog.

The quadruped howled, the biped bawled,
Then lazily back to his bed he crawled.
“Awake, thou who sleepest—awake thee!” I cried :
“O, man, while thou slumberest, is passing the tide,
Which, taken when rising, will bear thee to fame—
Will lead thee to fortune—will gain thee a name.”
He grunted out something, perhaps ’twas a damn,
And said, “Not so drunk as you think I am.”

He winked his eye and he scratched his head,
And (omitting the oaths) this is what he said :
“Hello, Squire’s that you? Did you think I was
drunk

Because I lay here on this old pine’s trunk?
A greater mistake, sir, you never have made—
I only was waiting to make a hoss-trade;
Old Shepherd will come here, and thinking me slung,
I’ll take him for fifty, or may I be hung.”

I left him there on his old pine log,
By his one-eyed horse and his bob-tail dog,

And I thought to myself, as I sauntered away,
How many are sleeping and losing the day,
As we think. But not so, for if they do sleep,
'Tis only with one eye—the other doth peep;
In a moment they're ready, with might and with main,
To seize the occasion, some profit to gain.

NOT WORTHY OF HER.

WORTHY of her? Poor girl,
With all her wealth and pride
So poor, a pauper's son
Might scorn her as his bride.

Worthy of her? "Ding, dong,"
I hear the vendue bell;
The crier calls, "O yes!
A likely girl to sell!"

Worthy of her? No, no,
My purse is all too slim;
See lordly Dives there—
They'll knock her off to him.

Worthy of her? Let her
Dare to my height aspire,
Like Danaë she'd die,
Burnt by immortal fire.

Worthy of her? Thank God,
I proudly answer, "No!
Worthy of her? Not I,
I cannot stoop so low."

TO MISS BRENNAN.

(THE AUTHOR'S FIRST POEM, WRITTEN IN 1853.)

THY voice, whenever heard by me,
Sent an electric thrill,
Which with the sweetest melody
My longing soul did fill.

Its brilliant burst of harmony
Did every sense o'erpower,
Nor heeded we the flight of time,
Nor marked the passing hour.

My spirits thou wouldst tranquillize
With sweet and simple song,
With strain seraphic seldom given
To any mortal tongue.

Music can charm the savage beasts,
And make the woods obey;
It leads the mountains, and the course
Of rivers doth delay.

Since thou hast music at thy will,
Thou hast far greater might
Than potent kings or conquerors
Victorious in the fight.

We all must say of thee, whene'er
Thy sweet voice we have heard,
Let others have their nightingales,
We have "*our mocking-bird.*"

H O M E .

Is there a spot of earth
Better than all other,
Where fairest flowers bloom
Fairer than all other,
Where friends are round the hearth
Dearer than all other?
There is! It is my home,
Sweeter than all other.

Is there a land where stars,
Brighter than all other,
Shine from the heavenly dome,
Clearer than all other,
Whence pleasure drives all cares
Farther than all other?
There is! It is my home,
Sweeter than all other.

Is there a place I love
 Better than all other,
 Whence I would never roam,
 Roam to seek another,
 Where hearts' affections move
 Stronger than all other?
 There is! It is my home,
 Sweeter than all other.

AS A GOOD MAN DIES.

'Tis grand to die as a good man dies.
 When the fight has been fought, and the battle is won,
 And great deeds of daring have bravely been done;
 When glory's bright halo encircles his name,
 And the hero lies down on the death-bed of fame,
 'Tis glorious to die. More glorious by far
 When the soldier who valiantly strives in the war
 'Gainst the armies of sin, and the cohorts of hell,
 Who fights the good battle both bravely and well,
 Is called by his Captain to rest from his toil—
 From the troubles of earth, from its cares and turmoil,
 And hears the earned plaudit, "Good servant, well
 done;
 Ascend and receive the reward thou hast won."
 O he is the hero who conquers the king
 Whose throne is the grave, and whose sceptre the
 sting

He tears from his grasp; and the sorrows and gloom
And terrors which darkly encircle the tomb,
Are driven away by the God-given light
Which gleams through the darkness all radiant and
 bright,
And his pathway illumines with the glorious rays
Which beam from the face of the Ancient of Days.

And the prize which the good man gains!
O, 'tis not a laurel crown fading away,
Whose verdure remains and is fresh but a day;
But a wreath amaranthine, all fadeless and bright,
Whose flowers gain beauty from heaven's own light;
And fresher they bloom, as their petals they lave
In the river of life, 'neath its crystalline wave.
O 'tis not a coronet sparkling with gems,
As are worn by earth's princes in rich diadems;
But a crown of bright stars which in radiance outshine
The purest of diamonds from Golconda's mine;
And its gems are good deeds which were secretly done,
And brighter they beam than the rays of the sun.

LEGEND OF L'ESPIRITU SANTO.

There has been discovered, lately, a flower in the shape of a dove. Its wings are of a beautiful light purple, and the body pure white.

—

“And, lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove and lighting upon him.”
MATT. iii. 16.

—

To the Jordan, swiftly flowing,
Jesus came, and, meekly bowing,
Stepped into the watery flood:
From the heavens widely rending,
Came a pure white dove descending,
Lighting on the Son of God.

By the Jordan swiftly flowing,
Soon was seen a floweret growing—
Witness of this great event;
Pictured on the snowy bosom
Of that fair and fragile blossom,
Was the *dove* from heaven sent.

—————

A MAN DIES NOT TILL HIS WORK IS DONE.

LET Azrael* come at early morn,
When the day is just begun,
Or come at the evening's close—a man
Dies not till his work is done.

* The Death Angel.

Let his name be sung in marble halls
By Fame, in her loudest tone,
Or let him dwell in the pauper's hut,
Uncared for, and all unknown.

Or let him fight for truth and the right,
And die as a hero dies,
And live again in the hearts of men,
As saints to their heaven arise.

Or let him strive in the wrong to hide,
With error's dark cloud, truth's sun,
The avenging sword suspends its blow :
He lives till his work is done.

Then sorrow not for the budding rose
Death's frost has withered soon,
And grieve ye not for the ripened stalk
Which the reaper cut at noon.

And tremble not at the cannon's roar,
Though thousands around you fall ;
Nor fear the breath of the venom'd plague
When you go at duty's call ;

And fearlessly go mid the Arctic cold,
And heat of the Southern sun ;
For the might of death can ne'er prevail
O'er man, till his work is done.

And the man lives long who does his best
For those whom he dwells among ;
But he who lives for an hundred years,
If he does no good, dies young.

MY CROSS.

“Why do you wear that cross? Are you a Catholic?”
“Yes, lady, I am a Catholic, but not a Papist.”

LADY, I am a Catholic :
I do believe one triune God—
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
I know there is one holy Church,
Blood-bought, and founded on a Rock.
The gates of hell shall not prevail
To cause its overthrow ; a Church
Which no one sect will ever be.
The members of that Church are they
Who are true followers of Christ ;
Who are in love and charity
With all their fellow-men ; who fear
Their God with love, and love with fear ;
Who do their duty day by day.
Such are its members, by what name
Soever they be called. And this,
This is the Holy Catholic Church.

Its hope is hung upon the cross
Whereon our blessed Christ was slain ;

Its only chrism is in the blood
Of Him who died to save. No rules,
Or forms, or ceremonial rites,
Are its essentials: faith alone
In the Anointed crucified.
Not minster's spires and pinnacles,
Nor high cathedral's vaulted dome,
Alone contain its sacraments,
Nor are its altars only there;
But where'er Faith, Hope, Charity,
Have made their homes in human breast,
And by their fruits give evidence
Of their indwelling; and where'er
Man best evinces love to God
By love unto his fellow-man;
Where'er, with simple, honest heart,
The God revealed is worshipped, there,
There is the Holy Catholic Church.

And like some glorious beacon-light,
Which gleams upon the troublous sea,
And comfort brings, and hope of home,
Unto the sea-worn mariner;
Like some grand pyramid, whose top
Cuts through the thunder-laden clouds,
And wears a crown upon its head,
An aureole of electric fires,
Which shines afar with golden light
Upon the Simoon-driven sands,
And lights the wayworn wanderer;

Such is the cross, the Christian's hope,
The blessed cross, the stay of life,
The hope in death, that blood-stained cross,
The glorious cross of Calvary!

Lady, this cross upon my breast
Was once a curl of silken hair,
Upon a brow as purely fair
As thine, where wreaths of lilies rest.

It was a festal, gala night,
And fairest of the throng was seen,
With roses crowned, Evangeline,
Enhaloed with youth's rosy light!

Ah! well do I remember now
Each joyous word my love would speak,
Each blush-rose crimsoning her cheek,
Contrasting with her marble brow!

And that soft curl she gave to me,
That silken tress of bright brown hair,
Than diamond wealth of kings more dear,
Might well a monarch's ransom be.

Ah well! she was too fair for earth!
Such beauty blooms in heaven alone,
Beside the Master's great white throne,
Where Love and Beauty have their birth.

God called her home: our hearts were riven;
Our joys and laughter all were stilled;
There was a place could not be filled;
One angel more was gained in heaven!

I wear this cross: when wildly rave
My passions—when they fill my breast
With dark despair—it bids me rest,
By faith in Him who died to save.

It is my talisman, more dear
Than coronet or carcanet;
It is a precious amulet,
To guard me from the tempter's snare.

The cross my sign of hope shall be
Through life; and when my failing breath
Forewarns the awful night of death,
Its blessed light shall beam on me!

That light my beacon-light shall be;
Its radiance shall dispel the gloom
Which hovers darkly o'er the tomb:
That light first shone on Calvary!

THE CROSS.

THE Cross! the blessed Cross!
The sign of hope!
O when I grope
Through clouds of life,
Turmoil and strife,
Before its light may shadows flee,
That light first shone on Calvary.

The Cross! the blessed Cross!
The stay of life!
When cares are rife,
When storms assail,
And foes prevail,
O may its light illumine me,
That light first shone on Calvary.

The Cross! the blessed Cross!
The hope in death!
When gasping breath
And failing sight
Forewarn death's night,
O may its light my beacon be,
That light first shone on Calvary.

WHEN THE SHADES OF EVE ARE FALLING.

WHEN the shades of eve are falling,
Memory often is recalling
Names and faces dear to me ;
From my heart I banish sadness ;
Then with mirth and joy and gladness,
Dearest maid, I think of thee.

When the Sabbath bells are ringing,
When the joyous birds are singing
Merrily from every tree ;
When the glorious sun at morning
Comes with light, the world adorning,
Maiden, oft I sing of thee.

When I rest in peaceful slumber,
From the dream-land, without number,
Lovely visions oft I see ;
But of all these forms, the fairest
Thou art, maiden, and the dearest :
Maiden, oft I dream of thee.

When, before the God of heaven,
By whose grace my life was given,
Solemnly I bow the knee ;
When I pray for all who love me,
To the gracious God above me,
Dearest maid, I pray for thee.

IS THERE A WAVE?

O God! is there a wave
Whose waters never bring
Remembrance, as they sing,
Or as they lave?

•
O for that Lethean wave!
O, could I but forget,
I might be happy yet,
This side the grave!

O for that Lethean wave!
There is a blessed flood
Whose fountain is His blood
Who died to save!

And pardon's in that wave;
But not Oblivion blest:
So here, in wild unrest,
I live and rave.

LITTLE LOU.

SWEETLY and brightly
Lived little Lou ;
Brightly and sweetly,
Lovely she grew ;
Golden curls shaded
Eyes that were blue.

Roses and song-birds
Greeted her birth ;
Song-birds and roses
Joined in our mirth ;
Lightly when brightly
She came to earth.

Chilly and dreary
Earth now had grown ;
Dreary and chilly
Winter had blown ;
When Death, the King, came,
Called her his own.

Calmly and coldly
She takes her rest ;
Coldly and calmly
All whitely dressed ;
With her hands folded
On her pure breast.

Kindly and softly
Now lay her low ;
Softly and kindly
Where daisies grow ;
Close by the river
Where waters flow.

Loving and living
With her was one ;
Living and loving,
Now life is done ;
She lives in heaven, where
Love reigns alone.

KATIE BLAIR.

KATIE BLAIR has golden tresses ;
Katie has no silken dresses,
But she has a laughing eye,
And I pray you look away
As you pass my Katie by,
For come arrows from her eye,
Wounding careless passers-by ;
And wondrous fair
Is Katie Blair,
With golden hair.
Katie has no gems of art,
But she has a loving heart.

Katie Blair, among the flowers,
Where the vines are wreathed in bowers,
Where she hears the mocking-bird,
Loves to play the live-long day ;
And her singing I have heard
Sweeter far than any bird
Or music I have ever heard.

O very dear
Is Katie Blair,
With golden hair.

Katie has no shining gold,
But her worth can ne'er be told.

Katie loves to wander, roaming
In the evening, when the gloaming
Comes the envoy of the night ;
Wraps the day in cerements gray ;
Far more lovely, far more bright
Even than the stars of night,
Are my Katie's eyes so bright.

O none compare
With Katie Blair,
With golden hair.

Katie has no diamonds rare,
But a wealth of golden hair.

Katie walks with me together,
Sits beside me on the heather,
Where the peeping daisies hide ;
Turns away whene'er I say,

“Katie, will you be my bride?”
 Tries her blushes soft to hide,
 When she says she’ll be my bride.
 O when I am near
 To Katie Blair,
 With golden hair,
 Then I feel there’s kindly given
 To my soul foretaste of heaven.

M A R Y .

MARY! of all names the dearest;
 Maiden, of all maids the fairest;
 There’s a music from the bells
 Of lilies and of asphodels;
 Softly, lightly, faint it rings,
 And the listening love-bird sings
 While the earth the moonbeams kiss;
 What he sweetly sings is this:
 “Mary, though thy fortunes vary,
 Still thou wilt be lovely—Mary.”

Mary! of all names the dearest;
 Maiden, of all maids the fairest;
 Dearest, thou art known above
 In heaven, where the angels love
 E’er to hymn their lightest lays
 Chanting holy Mary’s praise

In their blessed homes of bliss.
What they sweetly sing is this :
“ Mary, thou canst never vary,
Thou art pure and holy—Mary.”

Mary ! of all names the dearest ;
Maiden, of all maids the fairest ;
In my childhood I have played
With a little fair-haired maid ;
'Neath the jessamine I sung,
When we both were blithe and young ;
When I'd slyly steal a kiss,
What I softly sung was this :
“ Mary, *I* can never vary,
Be thou true and faithful—Mary.”

CARPE DIEM.

(LA BELLE JUIVE.)

WHILE yet youth's garlands wreathe thy brow,
And life is full of hope, fair maid,
O, gather, gather roses now,
Before their bloom shall fade.

While yet joy's wine-cup sparkleth bright,
E'en as the glance of thy dark eye,
O, drain it, drain it ; laughing light,
Before it passeth by.

Forget that roses e'er grow pale ;
 O, think not now that hearts grow cold ;
 Forget, forget that hopes e'er fade,
 Nor think that love grows old.

Thus with a laugh thou'lt greet old Time,
 And round his scythe bright garlands twine,
 Till thou shalt enter that blest clime,
 The land of love divine.

YE BALLAD OF MARIE.

YONGE MARIE went out to ac ball,
 Begirt in fine arraie ;
 O none was there
 Was half soe fayre
 As Marie with her silken hose ;
 O none was half so gaie !

But everywhere fayre Marie went,
 Ye people all did laugh ;
 In all ye crowde,
 None laughed so loud
 As Nancie Brighte, ye rival belle—
 None laughed so loud by half.

There was a rent eke in ye heel
Of Marie's stocking white ;
This caused ye route
In mirth to shoute,
For no one in ye merrie throng
Did pittie Marie's plight.

But thinking then within myself
How badly Mae must feel,
I whispered there,
Close to her ear,
"O Marie, look ; O look, I praie,
Look down to your heel."

How changed then fayre Marie was
When of ye evil warned ;
Her face grew redde,
E'en as my hedde,
Then, "Darn the stocking," Marie saide :
Ye stocking it was darned.

THE UPPER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

ANSWER TO THE UNDER DOG IN THE FIGHT.

I.

I KNOW that the world—that the great big world—
If the said world ever thinks right,
Will applaud, when I say I'd much rather be
Neither of the dogs in the fight.

II.

The growls and the snarls, and the claws and the teeth
Are not very comfortable ; hence
By far the easiest time has the dog
Who carefully keeps on the fence.

III.

As the Grape-juice said, If I *must*, why I *must* ;*
If from fighting there's no way to stop,
Howe'er I may grieve for the underneath dog,
I'd rather be the one on top.

IV.

For you always see, if it be a free fight,
(Which it very often is,) this is so,
That every other dog who joins in the row
Will pitch into the one below.

V.

Now sympathy—it is a very good thing—
And your heart, it may beat, it is true ;
But while it is beatin' you must recollect
That the dog, he is *beaten* too.

* As these italics may be obscure to some “pussons,” I take the liberty of quoting from Worcester, (Dictionary, not Sauce,) as follows: “Must, n. [Mustum L.] new wine pressed from the grape, but not fermented.”

VI.

I've always found much the safest of plans,
When the people were shouting aloud,
Was to hold your tongue till you counted them well,
Then to shout with the biggest crowd.

VII.

You'll find that the world—that the great big world—
Will ever think the conqueror right ;
So I'll fill a glass full, and drink to myself,
As the uppermost dog in the fight.*

ROSA HIDING.

SHE need not quickly seek to hide,
Nor softly whisper, "Hush ;"
I hear her gentle breathing from
Behind the myrtle bush.

I see a white robe through the leaves,
And still the daisies rest
With bowing heads, as when they bent
By Rosa's footstep pressed.

* I may as well remark, for the benefit of the general reader, that the foregoing "pome" is remarkable, not so much for its poetry, as for its great truth, being quite the reverse of the proverb, "*Si non vero*," etc.

And here's the ruby-claspèd zone,
Down-dropped in flying haste,
Which ever lovingly did cling
Around her slender waist.

Ah, well! since Rosa's fled, I'm sure
She cares not now for me;
So I'll not follow, but I'll rest
Beneath this willow tree.

There's many a maid with brighter eyes,
And fairer face, I've seen;
"There's just as good fish in the sea,"
And better too, I ween.

So let her go; I've often thought
That when a maiden flies,
Should I pursue her, I would pay
Too dearly for the prize.

Ah! here you come, you blushing rose;
You blessèd little dove!
Come let me kiss those tears away,
And whisper words of love.

Come let me clasp that yielding waist,
But not with silken zone;
I only jested when I spoke,
For art thou not mine own?

Ha! ha! When you with maidens play,
Dear Dave, you'll find it true,
That when you will not follow them,
Why, they will come to you.

MADELINE.

With a rosebud in her hair,
Drooping on her shoulders fair;
With a diamond on her breast,
Heaving in its sweet unrest;
With a robe of pearly lace
Round her form of matchless grace;
With a bracelet on her arm,
Where each dimple held a charm;
Midst the maiden throng was seen
Blushing, laughing Madeline.

As the songs when birds rejoice
Was the music of her voice;
As the stars in azure skies
Was the love-light in her eyes;
As the violets was she,
Beautiful with modesty;
As the pearls beneath the sea
Was her soul in purity;
Bright as sunlight's golden sheen
Was the heart of Madeline.

But alas! the Tempter came,
Bringing sorrow, bringing shame;
Came the serpent to the dove,
Breathing guileful vows of love;
Banishing with potent charm
Dream of danger, thought of harm.
From her innocence she fell;
Fell from heaven, sunk to hell.
Lost! for ever lost, I ween!
Ah, well-a-day! Poor Madeline!

In the wide world now to roam;
Lost for ever, love and home;
By contempt and scorn dismayed,
Seeking not for human aid;
Daring not to raise her eyes
To the cold, unpitying skies.
'Neath the lake's unruffled breast,
There she sought eternal rest.
A pallid corpse with staring mien!
Is this the peerless Madeline?

But the Tempter—where is he?
List the sounds of revelry;
See the flashing diamond's rays
Gleaming in the torches' blaze:
At the altar, by his side,
Stands his haughty, high-born bride;
'Neath the lake the other one!
Thus on earth is justice done.
His heart has now another queen:
Ah, well-a-day! Poor Madeline!

I KNOW AN OAK TREE.

I KNOW an oak tree,
Where a jessamine vine
Around the old trunk
Did its tendrils entwine.
There in the summer
With Mary I'd rove ;
There in the evening
I told her my love.

The vine now is dead,
But the oak tree is there—
Its old rugged trunk
Left blackened and bare ;
I, like the oak tree,
Am left here alone ;
Mary, who loved me,
For ever has gone.

TO LENORE.

THOU art gone from my sight,
Like a dream of delight
That's faded and vanished and gone ;
Yet thy picture no art
Can erase from my heart,
While shineth in heaven the sun.

And each day, as it flies,
Comes with sorrow and sighs,
That I bask in thy presence no more ;
I love not another
But God and my mother,
Like I love thee, my dearest Lenore.

BLACK AND BLUE EYES.

I'LL sing of the black-eyed maiden
Of the bright and sunny South,
Where each breeze that blows is laden
With bloom for the cheeks of youth.

Let those eyes, with laughter beaming,
That oft I have gazed on long,
Be with inspiration teeming,
The theme of the poet's song.

But I'll sing in softer numbers
Of the maiden fair and true ;
'Neath whose drooping lid there slumbers
An eye of cerulean hue.

Yes ; I'll sing of the blue-eyed maiden,
To my heart made doubly dear
When those brilliant eyes are laden
With the burden of a tear.

When we banish care and sorrow,
With the first we may be gay ;
When we think not of to-morrow,
And live only for to-day.

But when well-loved friends are leaving,
And when sorrow presses sore,
When in desolation grieving,
We love the blue eyes more.

A PICTURE.

THE sun has sunk down to his rest, from on high ;
His last rays are painting and gilding the sky,
Where the place of his resting is gorgeously told
By streakings of crimson and purple and gold,
Like the heraldic signs on a banner unrolled.

The topaz, and turquoise, and ruby are seen
Where the tints of the forest are changing from green,
And a many-hued carpet is spread all around
Where the storm-scattered leaves overcover the ground.
From the tops of the trees comes a murmuring sound,
And the bells of the herds ring a musical chime,
And the voice of the stream sings a mystical rhyme,
For now is the Indian, soft, sweet summer time.

Where the light from a window streams into the hall,
And casts a broad gleam on the opposite wall,
And a tapestry hanging most curiously weaves
In intricate windings with shadows of leaves ;
In the widespreading arms of a soft-cushioned chair,
Covered over with damask, so costly and rare,
Where the low-drooping curtains, half-opened, disclose
Lace like the lily, and silk like the rose,
Is a beautiful maiden, so graceful and fair,
With bright loving eyes, and with brown silken hair,
And lips gently arched, save when one proudly curls,
And shows for a moment its treasures of pearls.
On her cheeks a rich cluster of roses doth rest,
While lilies disport on her soft, heaving breast ;
And pure as the white robes of angels they blow,
Or bright as the moonlight reflected from snow,
Or white as the foam where the swift waters flow.

The last rays of sunlight in glory are shed
Like a bright aureole round her beautiful head,
Till she seems a Madonna, with features divine,
Some priest-guarded picture adored at a shrine,
Where gleams from the votive lamps glimmering shine.

And her name ! 'Tis the sweetest to mortal e'er given,
And harp-striking angels resound it in heaven.

THE BEAUTIFUL NEVER CAN DIE.

“—O there is not lost
One of earth's charms.”—BRYANT.

Not one of earth's charms can ever be lost ;
The beautiful never can die ;
All that is lovely and radiant and rare
Will live on for ever and aye.

The sunbeams dissolve the dew-moulded sphere
Which lightly and brightly doth rest,
Like a radiant gem from a queen's coronet,
On a rose's bright, beautiful breast.

The drop flies away, on a shining sun-ray,
To float in the clear azure skies,
Where its sisters have flown to catch the last ray
Of the sun, their bright god, ere he dies.

They hang o'er the West, a drapery grand,
Of crimson and purple and gold,
Like the glorious colors which gorgeously gleam
From a monarch's rich banner unrolled.

Or float they down from their realms in the sky,
When falleth the soft summer rain,
And twinkle on flowers or leaves of the trees,
Or spangle the grass on the plain.

Or when the winds blow, and tempests are high,
 And heaven seems darkly to frown,
 A white-wingèd snowflake softly flies forth
 And rests on the Winter King's crown.

The autumn winds blow, the flowers all die,
 And forests, in glory arrayed,
 Drop their fairest of leaves like a pall o'er the grave
 Where the beautiful summer is laid.

But voices of birds, which greet the young spring,
 Wake the flowers to blooming once more ;
 They ope their sweet buds as lovely and fair,
 And perfumes they shed as before.

Yes ; all the fair flowers which God loaned a while
 To lighten our hearts with their love,
 Shall gloriously bloom more beauteous and bright
 In the heavenly gardens above.

For none of earth's charms can ever be lost ;
 The beautiful never can die ;
 All that is lovely and radiant and rare
 Shall live for ever and aye.

THE POET AND THE CRITIC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF AUGUSTE KÖPPER.

THE song-bird rocks in the Linden tree, '
And carolleth there right merrily ;
The sunbeams glance from his shining wings
As, gayly and clear, he sweetly sings.

A bull-dog barks 'neath the Linden tree,
Loudly and hoarsely and angrily ;
And leaps up fiercely, striving to climb,
And stop the sweet bird's musical chime.

The bird rocks on in the Linden tree ;
Looks down on the dog all scornfully ;
And though the dog barks, naught doth he care ;
He's high above in his realms of air. ,

The Poet, the bird in the Linden tree ;
The Critic, the dog, carps snarlingly,
And vainly strives, till his strength is gone,
To stop the song ; but the bird sings on.

KATIE AND I.

IN the far forest, with nobody nigh,
Merrily wander my Katie and I;
All the fair flowers that goldenly gleam,
Saucily nod to themselves in the stream;
And I cannot but think
That they knowingly wink,
And shake their green leaves at us, passing them by;
But *we* care not—why should *we*? my Katie and I. . . .

'Neath the old oak, where the mocking-bird sings,
Tenderly twining, the jessamine clings,
Drops, like gold bugles, its bells on the green,
Sparkling and gilding the throne for my queen.
As I blissful recline
With her hand clasped in mine,
Beware, have a care, cries the bird from up high.
We need not his warning—my Katie and I.

By the swift stream, where the violets grow, ¹
Breathing my love-notes in whisperings low, ¹
When, with blush-roses o'ermantling her face,
Modestly, chastely, she meets my embrace;
Then the jealous Blue-jay
Screams harshly, "Nay! nay!"
And his brother blue-jackets all join in the cry,
But *we* heed not—why should *we*? my Katie and I.

The birds to the flowers have nestlingly flown,
Where tinkles the rivulet over the stone,
And vows of young lovers, as tender and true
As ours, they have seen all dissolved like the dew ;
So they call to my Kate
To beware of the fate
Of loving not wisely—betrayed, left to die ;
But why should *we* fear this ? my Katie and I.

For, from the high heavens, where love had its birth,
Love purer than ours never came to the earth ;
And long as eternity's cycles shall roll,
While God doth endure, and while liveth the soul,
In the heaven above,
By the white throne of Love,
While sound the loud anthems to praise the Most High,
We'll live there, and love there—my Katie and I.

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.

CEASE, my own, my Natalie—
These are things too deep for thee ;
Strive no longer to discern
When thy lot shall leave the urn,
Or when adown the river dark
Thy ghost shall glide in Charon's bark ;
These secrets of futurity
Are wisely hidden, love, from thee.

The herald comes, my Natalie,
To men of high and low degree ;
He swiftly comes, nor ever waits
For guarded walls or brazen gates ;
One word he whispers in the ear
Of peasant and of haughty peer.
The warrior hears *that* fatal word,
And furls his flag and yields his sword.

He comes to some, my Natalie,
When first above the burnished sea
The rosy morning sheds its light ;
He comes to others in the night,
When winds of winter wildly wail,
And ghastly forms and spectres pale
Come howling o'er the ocean waves,
Or shrieking from the mountain caves.

He comes and goes, my Natalie,
For none so swiftly fly as he ;
Then Death, the king, with sword in hand,
Comes hastening with the cruel band
Which follows at his chariot wheel ;
And they who bear the herald's seal
Tremble before Death's awful frown,
And bow their heads : he cuts them down.

And O, my life, my Natalie,
The herald grim must come to thee,
And thou must fall beneath the might
Of Death, the king ; and then the night

Which broods upon that river's shore
Whose waters chant with solemn roar
That awful dirge, "O, nevermore,"
Will ne'er be o'er, will ne'er be o'er.

But know, my love, my Natalie,
The herald ne'er will come to thee,
Till He who sees the sparrow fall
Has need of thee; and when His call
Thou hearest, darling, deck thy head
With flowers as for thy bridal bed,
And Death the terror-crowned beguile—
Disarm the tyrant with a smile.

A PRAYER.

For Light—Light for the darkened soul:
For clouds of doubt
Within, without,
Their gloomy shadows roll.

For Rest—Rest for the wounded heart:
From scenes of mirth
And joys of earth,
It longeth to depart.

For Peace—Peace for the troubled breast:

I'd fly away
To realms of day,
And ever be at rest.

For Home—A home in Spirit-land,

In realms of light
With angels bright,
A home at God's right hand.

WHAT SHOWS US GOD?

Of whom inquire of our great God?

Not of the learned, great, or wise,
But of the trees, the clouds around.

The beaming stars that nightly rise
Tell us of Him who reigns above,
Whose nature and whose name is Love.

The hills his attributes declare;

The mountains make their Lord appear;
Valleys rejoice to own their God;
And flowers sweetest incense bear:
To worship Him do all things move,
Whose nature and whose name is Love.

The cattle on a thousand hills,
Though dumb, proclaim their mighty Lord;
And every beast that's in the field,
And every warbling, singing bird,
Tell of a gracious God above,
Whose nature and whose name is Love.

WHAT IS LIFE?

“Life is real, life is earnest.”—LONGFELLOW.

I ASKED a maiden passing by,
With rosy cheek and laughing eye,
With lightsome step and lovely face,
And form of fairy mould and grace—
“O! what is life, dear maiden, say?”
She ceased a moment from her play,
And turned her eyes, that shone with glee,
And thus the maiden said to me :
“Life's a scene of endless pleasure—
Sweet the pleasure—dear the treasure ;
O! the world is brightly fair,
Here I'd dwell—for ever here.”

I asked a man so strong and bold,
Who, proud of birth and proud of gold,
With head erect, and flashing eye,
And stately step, was passing by—

“O! what is life?” He stayed a while,
And cast on me a lordly smile,
Then turned his head the other way,
As though he scarcely deigned to say :
“Life’s a scene of wealth and glory,
Long my name will live in story ;
Let me ever here remain,
Crowned with glory, blessed with gain.”

I asked a man now growing old,
Whose step was slow, whose blood grew cold,
Whose feeble form and shortened breath
Forewarned the awful night of death—
“O! what is life?” He heaved a sigh,
And turned on me a tearful eye,
Then slowly, sadly raised his head,
And weeping, trembling, thus he said :
“Every day’s a scene of sorrow,
Followed by a joyless morrow ;
This, alas ! is human life,
Scene of turmoil, scene of strife.”

Now, sorrowful, I turned from man
To where the rippling streamlet ran,
And asked of Nature’s countless forms,
Of mountains high and raging storms—
“O, what is life?” A voice came up
From purling stream, from flower cup,
From mountain top, from tempest cloud,
From thunder’s roll, and shouted loud :

“Truth thou seekest, this thou learnest—
Life is real and life is earnest;
Not a scene of idle play;
Thou must work, and work to-day.”

LIFE IS A RIVER.

LIFE is a river!
God is its giver;
Its source in the fountains
Of cloud-covered mountains,
Where the shades of the unknown
 Brood gloomily over:
Its source deeply hidden,
To man 'tis forbidden
 To seek to discover.

Life is a river:
Ceasing—O! never—
It flows in bright bowers,
And where sorrowing lowers;
Where the night of misfortune
 Shades upland and meadow;
Where joy's light is glowing,
It ever is flowing,
 In sunshine and shadow.

Life is a river,
Flowing for ever ;
Ne'er ceases its motion
To merge in the ocean—
The sea of eternity ;
 And there the life-river,
Where human history
Ceases in mystery,
 Returns to its Giver.

THE NIGHT WHEN FIRST WE MET.

IMITATION OF "THE NIGHT WHEN LAST WE MET," BY CALDWELL.

O WILT thou, when thou'rt far away,
 At thine own peaceful, beauteous home,
When thou art happy, bright, and gay,
 With not one darksome hour of gloom,
Think of the lonely poet-boy
 Who never, never will forget
That brightest hour of greatest joy—
 The night when first we met !

When on life's stormy ocean tossed,
 When all is dark and drear as night,
Thy prayers will save him almost lost,
 And make his lonely pathway bright.

Then, Mary, wilt thou think of me,
And, Mary, canst thou e'er forget
That brightest hour of all to me,
The night when first we met!

TO ANABELLE, MY GOLDEN BELL.

O ANABELLE, my golden bell,
Thou hast an hundred thousand charms;
O, how my heart and purse would swell
Could I but clasp thee in my arms!
I'd find the hottest summer's day
As cool as early morn in May,
And winter never could be cold
If thou wert mine, my *mine* of gold.

Thou hast no wealth of golden hair,
No rosy cheeks nor eyes of blue;
I love thee for thy mind, I swear,
Yet for thy lovely *purson** too;
For thou'rt the life of my delight,
Thine eyes are *diamonds* in my sight,
Thy teeth are *pearls* of countless price,
Thine *ivory* arms my soul entice.

* This word *purson* is spelt by the common herd person, but by poetical license the *u* is inserted in place of *e*.

On yonder *bank* how sleeps the light,
 (The *silver* light from crescent moon,)
Where notes are payable at sight,
 Such *notes* as make a merry tune ;
Come, wilt thou wander there with me ?
I'd drink deep drafts* of love from thee,
And drafts from such a shining rill
Would make me e'er thine own *good Bill*.

Though years may pass above my head,
 They cannot change my love for thee ;
And though thou dwell among the dead,
 Thy *dust* shall ever honored be ;
For joy, with brilliant golden light,
Could only make thy soul more bright ;
Though grief in fiery billows rolled,
It only could refine the *gold*.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

“ O *Horrida Bell-a !*”
 (Said the Latin *poeta*,)
Most dolefully sounding,
 When with clapper *feretur*.

* The poetical license here again comes most strongly into play, and, Midas-like, my draughts have become drafts.

And *ire* to prayers
 By *campana vocamur*,
 And then we must hasten,
 Or by *Præses culpamur*.

Non scribam Iambics,
Nec in Trochaic metre,
 But with good old *dog* Latin
Mea musa placetur.

Sed scribam no further
 About "*Horrida Bell-a*,"
 But *quæram* my beaver,
 And go see my *Puella*.

ELEGY ON MY CAT.

AND art thou gone, my tabby cat,
 And left me here alone?
 As 'cross the floor each mouse doth creep,
 I feel that thou art gone.

Sing loud, ye rats; ye mice, rejoice;
 Poor Tabby is no more;
 No longer fly in fear, as oft
 Ye did in days of yore.

Be silenced every biting tongue
Of each calumnious rat;
She lived a good and virtuous life;
"In pace requies-cat."

THE LITTLE GIRL IN BLACK.

'Twas in a far-off country church,
One blessed Sabbath day,
With humble souls and thankful hearts
We gathered there to pray.

The hymn was read with solemn voice,
Succeeded by a stir
When we arose; but while we sung
A *hymn*, I saw a *her*.

I know 'tis wrong, when one's in church,
To look around or back;
But eyes are eyes, and when they see
A little girl in black,

Whose eyes are eyes, with lustrous light, '
Which gloriously do shine,'
How can you keep yours straight, I pray?
I'm sure I can't keep mine.

She wore a hat whose bending rim
Was bound with drooping lace,
Which zephyrs lifted when they sought
To kiss her lovely face.

And through the lace, like stars through leaves,
Came radiant, flashing gleams,
Like sunbeams from the diamond dew,
Or moonlight from the streams.

But oftentimes those eyes were veiled
'Neath lids all darkly fringed,
Which drooped until they swept her cheeks
With rose and olive tinged.

And then it seemed as though a cloud,
A pearly cloud, had sailed
Across the blessed sun, and all
Its glories whitely veiled.

I know 'tis wrong, this staring at
A girl in church ; but then
How could I keep from watching there
To see the light again ?

I know 'twas wrong, but do not think
That I devotion lack
Because I would keep peeping at
That little girl in black.

It's not my fault, and should you scold,
I can but cry, "Alack!
Why did she look so witchingly?
That little girl in black."

But it's not wrong that now my heart
Keeps ever calling back
The brightly-painted picture of
The little girl in black.

EVANGELINE.

EVANGELINE! There is a star
Comes brightly beaming from afar,
Whose golden raylets, as they shine,
Do smile with smiles as sweet as thine.

Evangeline! Is that thy home?
At evening, dearest, when I roam,
And Nature's songsters sing to me,
I see that star and think of thee.

Evangeline! That blessed light
Doth watch my resting all the night,
And gilds my visions, when it seems
As though they were too true for dreams.

Evangeline! Beyond the gloom
Of earth, where fadeless flowers bloom,
O taste the Lotus leaves! forget
That I am left—that we have met.

Evangeline! In azure domes,
Where shade of sorrow never comes,
'T would make thee sorrow didst thou know
My sorrows and my rayless woe.

Evangeline! Beside the throne
Where love perfected reigns alone,
Though thou might intercessor be,
I cannot ask thee pray for me.

Evangeline! There all is light;
Evangeline! Here all is night;
And my poor heart is darkest seen,
Evangeline! Evangeline!

BEAUTIFUL SALLIE.

O BRIGHT is the water that flows from the fountain,
And pure is the snow when the winter winds wail;
O fair is the laurel that grows on the mountain,
And modest the violet down in the vale;

But purer than snowflake, and brighter than water,
 In beauty excelling is—somebody's daughter;
 And fairer than flower on mountain or valley,
 But modestly blushing, is Beautiful Sallie.

O blest are the hours which fly in the bowers
 Where golden-tinged sunbeams rejoicingly play,
 Where richest of perfumes arise from the flowers
 When birds sing a requiem over the day;
 But better than bowers or flowers of Aidenn,
 And brighter than sunbeams, I know a young
 maiden;
 And sweeter than roses where humming-birds dally
 To drink their rich nectar, is Beautiful Sallie.

O fresh are the breezes which blow in the morning,
 And bright is the dew on the grass by the rills,
 When first comes the daybeam, with glory adorning
 And gilding and painting the valleys and hills;
 More glorious than morning, when zephyrs have kissed
 her,
 And fresher and fairer, is—somebody's sister;
 And brighter than streamlets where fairies should
 rally
 To offer their homage, is Beautiful Sallie.

IN BOWERS GREEN.—A SONG.

IN bowers green
The Rose, the queen,
Receives the homage of the Breeze,
Who plumes his wings
And odors flings
Which gathered were from orange trees;
Then with a sigh
The Breeze doth die.

The Butterfly
Comes flitting by,
The Rose her wealth of sweetness brings;
He has his will,
He sips his fill,
And then flies off on perfumed wings:
Leaves as he goes
A scentless Rose.

A maiden bright,
With heart so light,
A poet once with rapture loved;
But she preferred
A gay young lord
Who played a while, then careless roved.
Undone! betrayed!
Alas, poor maid!

SUANNANOA RIVER.

IF there be one who's sick and weak,
With hectic rose upon her cheek,
And wishes health, then let her go
And taste thy waters, Suannanoa.*

Thy sparkling waters, as they roll,
Bring strength to body, health to soul:
No lovelier sight this world can show
Than thy bright waters, Suannanoa.

'Twas in this beauteous Western wild
Roamed the wild Indian—Nature's child;
Here on thy banks he bent his bow,
And drank thy waters, Suannanoa.

'T was here in the primeval days,
Amid thy reeds and blooming bays,
The stately stag and bounding doe
Drank of thy waters, Suannanoa.

'Tis here that nature's lavish hand
Brings beauties forth at God's command;
There's mountains high and valleys low
Upon the banks of Suannanoa.

* Pronounced Swannano.

There's beauteous shrubs and flowers and trees,
There's perfumes floating on the breeze,
And gentle gales of incense blow
Upon the banks of Suannanoa.

And smiling fields of golden corn
The mountains and the vales adorn,
And fruits and beauteous flowers grow
Upon the banks of Suannanoa.

With lovely maiden by my side,
I'd launch my bark upon thy tide ;
Adown thy waters I would row,
And sing thy praises, Suannanoa.

KING'S MOUNTAIN.

IN IMITATION OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

THE Briton in his guarded tent
Lay resting, thinking of the hour
When western world, in suppliance bent,
Should groan beneath his power.
In thought he ruled Columbia's land
With rude, unhallowed, lawless hand.

In thought he walked through court and hall,
Then heard the maidens pæans sing
In praise of England's tyrant king,
And golden bells all joyous ring,
To hymn the joy of all.

An hour passed on. He mused no more :
They called him to his post :
He came, to hear the rolling drum
And sentry's shout—"The rebels come !"
He came to hear the battle's roar,
And see Columbia's legions pour
On Ferguson's proud host.
Then quailed beneath the patriot crowd,
And heard, with voice as thunder loud,
Proud Campbell cheer his band :
"Repel yon fierce invading host :
Drive, drive those hell-hounds from your coast ;
Be this the warrior's proudest boast—
To free his native land."
They fought, like heroes, long and well ;
They fought—and victory was theirs ;
They conquered, but brave Williams fell,
Bedewed with freedom's tears.
His death his grieving comrades saw,
Then sorrow hushed their proud hurrah,
And God received his soul.
And round Jehovah's throne on high,
He lives in angels' company,
While years their cycles roll.

.

War's fierce contention now is o'er ;
America at last is free ;
Now hushed the drum and cannon's roar,
And Peace now reigns for evermore
In this blest land of liberty !
Cleveland is with the spirit brave,
Shelby with the angelic band,
And Sevier fills a patriot's grave,
And Campbell rests in angel-land.
We speak their names without a sigh,
For pallid death can have no claim
While Preston* lives to give them fame
And immortality.

THE LAST OF THE ABENCERRAGES.

THE frosts had followed autumn's blast
As came with steps nor firm nor fast
Of Abencerrages the last,

A noble Moor.

Leaving the shores of sunny Spain
Alone, with no imperial train,
Launching upon the boundless main

A pilgrim sad.

* In reference to an oration at "King's Mountain," by J. S. Preston.

His race and kindred all had died,
 Had left Alhambra in its pride ;
 Alhambra, like some peerless bride
 Of Eastern king.

He sighed and left his fathers' graves ;
 Sighed as the storm-tossed ocean waves
 Sigh through the startled mermaids' caves,
 All fitfully.

Then striking loud his sweet-toned lute,
 While nightingales around were mute,
 He sang with voice like silver flute,
 So sweetly wild.

He sang of courts, of knightly fame,
 Of warrior brave, and lovely dame ;
 Then sweetly, softly sang the name
 Of her he loved.

While Lulu's name thus sweetly rung
 Through woods where they, when both were young,
 Together played, he also sung
 This plaintive song:

“Farewell, Hispania! How I grieve
 Thy beauteous gardens thus to leave,
 Where vines their flowery garlands weave
 For maiden's brow.

Can I thus leave thy streamlets clear,
Thus leave thy skies and balmy air,
Thus leave for aye my Lulu dear,
My darling one?

Thus leave thy shore-indenting bays,
Where I would launch (in boyhood's days)
My fragile bark, and sit and gaze
On setting sun?

Ay, thus it is, and I must go!
To other lands, where breezes blow
That bear no dreadful shrieks of woe
To grieve my soul.

In other lands I'll lay my head
Beneath the sod, among the dead,
Where Christian foot shall never tread,
Nor cross be raised.

Where yet through fast-revolving days
The maidens chant their sweetest lays,
And sing our glorious Prophet's praise
At evening hour.

But, Lulu, must I from thee part?
The dreadful thought doth pierce my heart
Like swiftly-flying barbèd dart
From archer strong.

Yes, but at last to Paradise,
When faithful Moslem shall arise
In one dear beauteous houri's eyes,
I'll see my love.

For thou'rt my love, my life, my soul ;
And when I've reached that happy goal,
We'll love while ages onward roll,
Eternally."

He stopped. The waves against the shore
In countless numbers, dashing, pour :
The music of old ocean's roar
Alone was heard.

He stepped upon a stately bark ;
The air was calm, serene—but hark !
That rolling thunder ! see how dark
And black the sky.

An awful storm all sudden rose,
All quivering with the tempest throes :
In vain the stout bark might oppose
The furious blast.

Ah ! 'twas his sad, untimely doom
To perish in the tempest's gloom ;
An amber cave his only tomb,
Where now he sleeps.

The mermaids watch his lonely grave,
And as those shores they gently lave,
A voice comes up from every wave,
And chants a dirge.

While sitting near Alhambra's gate,
Fair Lulu mourns her lover's fate;
Impatient doth the summons wait
To join her love.

A CURSE AND A BLESSING.

I curse thee, new-born year!
Thou com'st full fraught with care,
And bringing woe,
Full well I know,
For the child of earth.
In pleasure's room
Comes rayless gloom
For the cheerful hearth.
I curse thee, new-born year!

I curse thee, new-born year!
For loved ones are not here;
Thy roses bloom
To mock my gloom;

Thou art gay and bright,
But I must moan,
Dark and alone,
In my sorrow's night.
I curse thee, new-born year !

I bless thee, new-born year,
For thou dost make appear
Such visions bright,
In roseate light,
Of a better day,
When pain and toil
And life's turmoil
Will be passed away.
I bless thee, new-born year.

I bless thee, new-born year,
For thou dost bring me near
To home and heaven,
Where balm is given
To the troubled breast ;
Where there is peace,
Where the wicked cease,
And the weary rest.
I bless thee, new-born year.

MUSINGS.

O! BLESSED days of boyhood, passed
For ever from me; flying fast,
Ere yet I knew how rich a prize
Was mine. How bright then seemed the skies,
And flowers bloomed fairer then than now;
There was a dew upon my brow,
By angel spirits kindly shed
Upon Youth's rose-wreaths round my head.
The roses all are withered now;
There is a moisture on my brow,
But O, it is the damp of death!
I feel no longer perfumed breath
Of breezes playing round my hair,
And whispering music in my ear;
No laughing zephyrs kiss my cheek,
But, listening, one may hear a shriek
Amid the stillness of the night,
Which well might chill his blood with fright;
'Tis when the Fever's simoon blast
Has hurried, scorching, withering past;
When, almost bursting from its vein,
The blood, like lightning, through my brain
Has seared its way; and with a moan
And shriek scared Reason leaves her throne.

O Life! Life!

With all thy tumults, wars, and strife;
With all thy swiftly-fading joys,
Thy gewgaws, and thy gilded toys,

Thy bubbles, and thy syren song
 Of "Life is short and Art is long;"
 When longest Art can ne'er extend
 Faint pleasures to Life's quickest end,
 What art thou, but a grievous weight
 Impended by the thread of Fate,
 From which we'd gladly fly? But then
We only die to live again.

VISIONS.

I SEE some happy children
 Playing 'mong the roses;
 Their laughter sweet is ringing
 As they gather posies.

I see their father coming;
 The children leave their play,
 And run to give him kisses;
 For 'tis his natal day.

And one, the rest outstripping,
 A beauteous, merry boy,
 His father now is clasping
 Close to his arms with joy.

I see a smiling mother ;
A babe is on her breast,
And there the little cherub
In happiness doth rest.

'Tis like a little rosebud
Just peeping on the day,
To watch the shining insects
As they around it play.

A sister, near her standing,
Plucks shining jessamine leaves,
And from the leaves and flowers
A beauteous garland weaves.

But now the scene is changing :
Ten years have passed away ;
New visions are before me,
And O, how changed are they !

Two of those playing children
Alone are there to-day ;
One other is far distant,
And one has passed away.

That rosebud now is blooming,
A blushing, half-blown rose,
And brighter still, and fairer,
With every day she grows.

Another pretty babelet
 Is on his mother's knee.
 But now a brighter vision
 Appeareth unto me :

I see an angel being ;
 A harp is in his hands ;
 His rustling wings spread odors
 Fresh from the spirit-lands.

I hear him softly whisper,
 " O sisters, brothers, come ;
 Come to these blessed regions,
 Where God has made your home.

O leave this world of sorrow,
 And come with me to heaven :
 A happy home and glorious
 To each one shall be given."

And now the scene dissolving
 Is fading from my sight ;
 The stars are brightly shining ;
 I look around—'tis night.

And now while I am joining
 The busy throng of life,
 And every day am mingling
 And struggling in its strife ;

As now my place I'm taking
Among the ranks of men,
O every day I'm wishing
I were a boy again.

THREE SIGHTS OF MARY.

I saw her as a maiden ;
Like marble was her brow,
And on her cheeks were roses ;
Methinks I see her now :
O none so rare,
O none so fair
As Mary was when first the light
Of her dark eyes shone on my sight.

I saw her as a matron ;
She clasped close in her arms
A lovely, smiling infant,
Blessed with its mother's charms :
O none so fair
As to compare
With Mary when her matron eyes
Looked prayerfully unto the skies.

I saw her in her coffin,
And heard the death-bells toll,
When angels were rejoicing
That heaven had gained a soul.
O none more bright
With radiant light
Than Mary, with angelic wings,
As round God's throne she sweetly sings.

THE LONELY GRAVE.

'NEATH a spreading tree, in a quiet nook,
By the sparkling waves of a bubbling brook,
They left their angel boy :
There they hollowed for him a narrow grave,
Where a murmur rose from the streamlet's wave,
And left its note of joy.

There the modest violet raised its head,
There the woodbine waved o'er his lowly bed
And shed a rich perfume ;
While a warbling bird, with its sweetest strain,
A requiem seemed as if chanting then
Over his silent tomb.

Though his body lie 'neath the cold green sod,
They never grieve, for they know to God
His spirit hath been given;
Though they know in the grave that he will sleep long,
Yet the angels came with their sweetest song
And bore his soul to heaven.

T O L I L Y .

THERE'S never a chalice,
In castle or palace,
As fine as the Lily, as graceful or fair;
There's never a maiden,
Not living in Aidenn,
Can with little Lily in beauty compare.

There's never a flower,
In garden or bower,
As white as the Lily, as spotless and pure;
There's never an eye-light,
Though bright as the sky-light,
Can, like little Lily's, so softly allure.

The stars high above her
Look down, and they love her;
They envy my Lily, so pure and so bright;
But though they are seeming
So brilliant and gleaming,
My soul they can never so sweetly delight.

R O S A .

O ! Rosa knows where grows a rose
Beneath a willow tree,
Where music swells from Lily bells
In sweetest melody.

'T was there we sat in summer time,
Beneath soft, starlit skies,
And heard the distant vesper-chime,
When evening prayers arise ;
And from my heart a prayer uprose
To God, to guard my lovely Rose.

A crown she wound, and bound around
With roses, gorgeously ;
(It was a sprig, a bending twig,
From off the willow tree ;)
And with the roses did entwine
Pansies and King-cups bright,
With tendrils from the Eglantine,
And Lilies purely white ;
Then, crowned with beauty, she arose,
Herself a rose, my blushing Rose.

With queenly mien, serenely seen,
While vassals crowded round,
(The *bending beaux* saluting Rose,)
Was Rose with roses crowned ;

And where she moved with stately grace,
A "Glory" seemed to shine
Around her head and on her face,
With radiance all divine ;
And there I swore, "Come joys or woes,
My soul's own queen is lovely Rose."

O bright the light (and quite as bright
The light in Rosa's eye)
Which shone from walls in marble halls,
When mirth was rising high ;
And joyous maidens gleeful laughed,
Amid the merry dance ;
While wine, from brimming beakers quaffed,
Was bright as maiden's glance ;
And when the goblets high uprose,
We drained them dry to lovely Rose.

Though rare and fair, there's none so dear
Among the maiden throng,
Whose smiles are bright with Love's own light,
Whose hearts gush forth in song.
O, in the heavenly courts above,
Beside th' eternal throne,
There's naught more pure than is the love
Of her I call my own ;
And purely from my heart outgoes
A wealth of love for lovely Rose.

PERFUMES, BIRDS, AND FLOWERS.

STARRY heavens are o'er me shining !
O, ye flowers o'er me twining,
Bind a wreath ; bind a wreath ;
While I quietly beneath
Sing a song of love and hope,
Where the daisy petals ope,
While a heavenly emotion
Thrills and fills me with devotion.

Lily bells are round me ringing !
O ye love-birds, round me singing,
Sing your song ; sing your song !
And the lingering strain prolong
By the prattling, purling stream,
Where I now recline and dream ;
Every vision in my dreaming
Brightly iridescent seeming.

Dewy drops are near me sleeping !
O ye breezes near me creeping,
Perfumes bring ; perfumes bring !
Where the blithesome blue-birds sing ;
Never from me more remove,
While I softly tell my love
In these beatific bowers,
Blest with Perfumes, Birds, and Flowers.

T H A T O N E.

I KNOW not who "*that one*" may be,
Nor where "*that one*" may dwell;
Enough that she is dear to thee,
And loveth thee as well.

And thou hast gained, thrice happy friend,
A goddess for that shrine
Where Truth's sweet incense doth ascend,
And Love's own roses twine.

My heart, alas! is like a tomb
Where boyhood's hopes lie dead;
Where Memory's lamp doth o'er the gloom
Pale, fitful gleamings shed.

But blest art thou; though cold the blast
Of Life's storms round thee blow,
Thou hast *a hope*, an anchor fast,
And love's light at thy prow.

For thee there is a light which gleams
O'er life's tempestuous sea;
A sign of promise, as it beams,
Of home and rest to thee.

I know that by thy path in life
Were thorns more thick than roses ;
And oft a sigh a former strife
And trial fierce discloses.

But thou hast reached the haven now ;
The breakers all are past,
And hope's bright birds are singing ; thou
Hast peace and joy at last.

O may henceforth no storms molest
Thee with thy dear *convoy* ;
Nor carking care disturb thy rest,
Nor grief o'ercloud thy joy.

MY LOVE.

My love was like a fairy queen
Robed for her coronation ;
The Rose of all the world to me,
My Pearl of all creation.

Her cheeks were like the soft peach-down,
'Neath which the red is showing ;
Or like the velvet on the grape,
Through which the wine is glowing.

And in her dark eyes' wondrous depths
I gleamings oft was seeing
Of that love-light within her heart,
The essence of her being.

Ah well! 'tis so, that some must dwell
Amid the courts of sorrow,
While others see each joyous day
Precede a happier morrow.

And one with happier fate than mine
Has gained that glorious treasure,
While I drag out the long, long days,
And weary moments measure.

Another dwells upon those lips
Which once to me were heaven;
'Twas from that heaven the lightning fell
Which my sad heart has riven.

'TIS THEN I THINK OF THEE.

In the morning, when the sunlight
Comes to kiss the vales and hills,
When a throng of sweet emotions
Through my inmost being thrills,

When all nature is most lovely,
When the birds sing wild and free,
When the flowers bloom their brightest,
O 'tis then I think of thee!

In the evening, when the gloaming
Wraps the earth in mantle gray,
When the song-bird, home returning,
Sings a sad dirge o'er the day,
When the silver moon is rising
Brightly beauteous o'er the lea,
When within myself communing,
O 't is then I think of thee!

In the night-time, when the starlight
Shines so softly from the sky,
When these myriad worlds are showing
Brilliant glories to the eye,
When my soul, from earth escaping,
Looks into futurity,
When I feel myself immortal,
O 'tis then I think of thee!

Thus it is, that in the morning,
When earth woos the sunbeams bright,
Thus it is, that when the evening
Comes, foreshadowing the night,
When the grandest works of nature
In their brightest forms I see,
When my soul is filled with beauty,
O 't is then I think of thee!

THE CIRCASSIAN.

'NEATH a palm tree, by a fountain,
Where the Arabs love to roam,
Sat a maiden, from the mountain
Caucasus, where was her home,
Singing only,
“I am lonely,
Lonely, lonely.”

Fairest of Circassia's daughters
There reclined upon the ground,
Heedless of the gushing waters,
Careless of the throng around;
Singing only,
“I am lonely,
Lonely, lonely.”

Far away from sister, brother,
By a robber's hand removed;
Far away from father, mother,
Far away from him she loved;
Singing only,
“I am lonely,
Lonely, lonely.”

Where the palm leaves sighed above her,
 Where the waters gayly play,
 There she sorrowed for her lover—
 Selim, who was far away ;
 Singing only,
 “I am lonely,
 Lonely, lonely.”

WHAT BESSY HAS.

BESSY's eyes are brightly beaming,
 Lightly beaming ;
 Love's soft light is in them gleaming,
 Sweetly gleaming :
 Bright black eyes and raven tresses,
 Which the summer wind caresses,
 Waving tresses—these are Bessy's.

Roses on her cheek are glowing,
 Blushing, glowing ;
 Lilies on her breast are blowing,
 Whitely blowing :
 Joyous mirth, which naught represses,
 Mirth which all the household blesses,
 Kindly blesses—these are Bessy's.

Laughter, light as music ringing,
Clearly ringing ;
Voice as sweet as song-birds singing,
Softly singing ;
Kindest words and soft caresses,
Love, which every heart confesses,
Mine confesses—these are Bessy's.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE.

HAD I tarried,
I'd been married,
But that hour I'm always blessing,
('Tis no lie, sir,)
When Eliza
I saw at the window dressing.

At the window,
Naught to hinder
Me from seeing all her actions ;
For 'tis certain
By no curtain
Did she hide her fine transactions.

All her lovelocks,
From a handbox,
Soon are o'er her bald head roaming ;
For my 'most spouse,
Pencilled eyebrows
From the bureau quick are coming.

Gracious Heaven!
Is she shavin' ?
Turning now, her face discloses,
Redly glowing,
Each cheek showing
She's been only painting roses.

Now, by thunder!
Lilies under
Roses o'er her neck are whitening,
While from pocket
To their socket,
In the teeth go, quick as lightning.

Like an arrow
At a sparrow
Off I shot me to the hat-place,
Got my beaver,
And did leave her;
Never courted more at that place.

A BALLAD OF YE VALLIANTE KNIGHTE AND
YE LADYE FAIRE.

'T WAS summer brighte,
Ae valliant knighte
Bestrode his galliant steede,
With beaver hatte,
And silk cravat,
And in his mouth a weede.

Ae ladye faire,
With yellow haire,
Did call ye valliant knighte;
When from ye stede,
With grace and spede,
He quicklie did alyte.

Ye ladye came;
Shee called his name;
Ye knighte, hee stode quite still,
While shee a scroll
Did there unroll;
It was his washing bill.

It was just then
Ye bell tolled tenne,
And rage his breaste did swelle;
Hee scratched his headde,
And then hee said
That shee might goe to—Halifax.

Then loude shee swore
That never more
Shee'd wash a single shirte,
And left ye knighto
In sorry plighte,
In raggedness and dirte.

TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA.

TEACHING Latin, long ago,
Incautiously I said "*Amo* ;"
The maiden quickly looked at me,
And asked me "*Quem?*" I answered, "*Te.*"

Then to her father hastened she,
And said "*Præceptor amat me;*"
He growled, and gave his wig a shove,
And said, "*Amato*"—(Let him love.)

Then to mamma away she went,
Who said she did n't care a cent.
So thus it happened, she and I
In marriage *simus conjuncti*.

LINES FOR MISS B——'S ALBUM.

IN the garden, where the flowers
Fill the air with odors sweet,
Where the fairies in their bowers
Oft in nightly revels meet ;
Where the sunbeams kiss the roses,
Where the song-birds sing to me,
Where the maidens gather posies,
O 't is there I think of thee !

In the evening, when the twilight
Spreads around its mantle gray,
Where the waters in the starlight
Sing a sad dirge o'er the day ;
When the stars adored by Magi
Of the eastern lands I see,
When all things are beauteous, " Hajie,"*
O 'tis then I think of thee !

AFFECTION'S FLOWERS.

Not in gardens of the lofty,
Not in rich parterres and gay,
Not where polished marble fountains
Throw around prismatic spray,
And exotics fragrance fling,
Do affection's flowers spring.

But by dwellings of the lowly,
Where the woodbine climbs the porch,
Where the glow-worm, at her trysting,
Lights her phosphorescent torch ;
There, where song-birds sweetly sing,
Do affection's flowers spring.

* Her pet name.

Where the streamlet sings an anthem,
Where the insects gayly play,
Where the evening brings devotion,
Where God's people nightly pray;
There, where hearts together cling,
Do affection's flowers spring.

WERE I A BIRD.

WERE I a bird—

I'd hasten to Scotia, the land of the brave,
Where the soil is upheaved by the patriot's grave,
And tread the green pathways my mother's feet trod,
To see where her fathers sleep, under the sod.
I'd go to the mountains where Vich-Ian-Vohr
Once marshalled his clansmen, so valiant in war;
And echoing still the dark caverns among,
I'd hear the wild pibroch of Donnuil Dhu rung.

I'd hasten away on the wings of the morn,
To dwell in the land where a Wallace was born;
Where his disenthralled spirit at evening returns
To hover o'er Scotland with Bruce and with Burns;
And there on Ben Nevis, where wild eagles scream,
By Solway's clear waters, or Afton's still stream,
On Cheviot's blue hills, or by Loch Katrine's waves,
I'd chant a wild coronach over their graves.

I'd go by the banks of the Nith and the Doon,
And braes of Balquither, where summer comes soon ;
By Alloway's Kirk and the Auld Brigs of Ayr,
And Craigie-burn, where the spring flowers bloom
fair ;

I would hasten along by the fountain and flood,
O'er heather- strewn hillside, through meadow and
wood ;

I'd climb the rock crag to the wild eagle's eyrie,
And sing there a song full of love to my dearie.

Were I a bird—

I'd cross the white Alps, fair Italia, to thee,
And light in famed Venice, the gem of the sea,
Where San Marziale's bells their angelus ring,
And sweetest of love-songs the gondoliers sing.
I'd fly to Genoa, swift borne on the breeze
Which kisses the cheeks of the dark Genoese,
And under the olive trees arching above,
I'd drink from black eyes draughts of passionate love.

I'd hasten to Rome, once the queen of the world,
(Now, alas ! from her brow the bright diadem's
hurled ;)

I'd mount the old Forum, and Esquiline hill,
And empress of nations I'd fancy her still.
I'd see where the Tarquins once dwelt in their pride,
And stand where Lucretia for chastity died ;
I'd seek for each temple, each shrine, and each fane
Once drenched with the rich blood of hecatombs slain.

I'd gaze till my soul overflowed with delight
At the fairy-like visions, so beauteous and bright,
Which in childhood illumined the depths of my heart,
All realized now by the Masters of Art.

While memory dreams of my boyhood would bring ;
Where Horace and Virgil once sung, I would sing ;
Where Raphael and Angelo roamed, I would rove ;
Where Petrarch and Dante once loved, I would love.

Were I a bird—

I'd cross o'er the ocean to blest Palestine,
Where the Godhead incarnate by mortals was seen ;
In the long-sought-for Canaan, the blest promised
land

Where Salem's proud temple was raised, I would
stand ;

Where the Cherubim hovered, illumed by the rays
Which beamed from the face of the Ancient of Days ;
I'd follow the paths that Emanuel trod,
And dwell there in Bethlehem, birthplace of God.

I'd wander along by the deep Galilee,
When golden-bright starlight is gemming the sea ;
And where the blue waters of Jordan's stream roll,
A sweet song would vibrate the chords of my soul ;
For its waters, smooth flowing, all calmly along,
Seem murmuring softly a heavenly song—
The anthems that Seraphim loudly sung when
They told the glad tidings, "Salvation to men."

I'd stand upon Lebanon's summit of snow,
On Moriah's proud height, and on Olivet's brow ;

By Kedron I'd wander to Gethsemane,
Where Christ groaned aloud in his strong agony ;
On Calvary hear still his last dying cry,
"Eloi ! Eloi ! Lama Sabaethani ;"
And then at the Sepulchre stand by his tomb
Whose glory for ever illumines its gloom.

But were I a bird—
I'd hie me away to some far foreign land,
Some isle of the blest, and there light on the strand
Where the shore-kissing wave purely white-crested
 curls
Over ocean-bed spangled with jewels and pearls ;
Where light-wingèd zephyrs disport in the trees,
And flower-cups welcome the health-giving breeze ;
Where the Paradise birds play beneath the blue skies,
And the Phœnix immortal in glory arise.

I'd fly to a land beyond weak mortal's ken,
More distant and high than the ghost-lands of men ;
Than Northman's Valhalla, where Odin and Thor
Received to their banquets the heroes of war ;
Than blessed Elysium of Roman or Greek ;
Than Indian's blest Hunting-ground farther I'd seek,
And on my bold pinions far higher I'd rise
Than Mussulman's houri-filled, bright Paradise.

In that land where the breezes blow rich with per-
 fume,
Where the amaranth flowers unfadingly bloom,

Where the lilies and myrtles do rustle their bells,
And roses entwine with the blest asphodels,
I'd gather the lotus, forgetful of home,
And by the bright Lethean waters I'd roam ;
From their waves a full cup of oblivion I'd drain,
And borrow Nepenthe for sorrow and pain.

ON THE ISLAND.

'Tis a summer's eve by the ocean side,
And the queen of night, from the silvered tide,
Comes mounting up on high ;
And the stars shine forth, each one like a gem
Which has dropped from an angel's diadem,
And stud the azure sky.

'Tis a gala night ; there are maidens fair,
And the diamonds gleam from their perfumed hair
Grandly and gloriously ;
But I stand alone in the merry throng,
And the happy ones, as they glide along,
Scarce deign to look on me.

But I walk on the shore of the sounding sea ;
There's a voice speaks there, and it calls to me :
That voice they cannot hear :
Like the muffled tones of a midnight bell,
It is borne, with its mystic, mournful swell,
On viewless waves of air.

'Tis a solemn voice, and it speaks alone,
With its soughing sigh and its mournful moan,
 To aching hearts like mine :
But the happy ones, and the blest of earth—
They whose lives fly by in the halls of mirth—
 Its meaning ne'er divine.

So I leave them there, in their crowded hall,
With their gay quadrille and waltz, and all
 Their gems and jewels rare ;
And I go on the shore where the white surf raves ;
There 's a music comes from the ocean waves
 Grandeur than theirs in there.

HOW BEAUTEOUS IS MOONLIGHT !

How beauteous is moonlight ! How silvery the gleam
Which rests upon lilies that float on the stream ;
Whose chalices glisten all brightly afar,
As though every petal reflected a star.
How brilliant it shines on the tops of the trees,
So gracefully bending to welcome the breeze !
While round the old mountain it lights up the rills,
And crowns him, with silver, the Monarch of Hills.

How sweet is the moonlight ! Where jessamines
 bloom,
Whence the wings of the zephyrs bear richest per-
 fume ;

Where glisten the dewdrops, like diamonds down
thrown

By some love-wearied fairy unbinding her zone ;
How sweet for young lovers to wander alone,
With silence unbroken, save by the soft tone
Of the coy, blushing maiden, confessing her love,
Like the low-cooing notes of the lone turtle-dove !

How bright is the moonlight ! It chases the gloom
Which night overcasts like the pall on a tomb ;
And trembling along on the wavelets of air,
It sheds a bright blessing o'er earth everywhere ;
It breaks through the darkness which covers the sky
When ocean is roaring and tempests are high,
And shines on the waves whitely crested with foam,
Bringing hope to the wanderer, and promise of home.

How holy is moonlight ! How quiet and calm !
It comes to the mourner, a God-given balm ;
It brings to the wearied ones resting and peace,
And bids the wild tears of bereavement to cease.
How holy, when tumults and troubles of day
With the sun's dying light have been driven away,
To feel its blest light in full affluence given
O'er the soul, like a Paraclete coming from heaven.

“M A C A N N E.”

TRANSLATED FROM THE “DERNIERS CHANSONS” OF BERANGER.

[First stanza omitted.]

II.

Far from life's cares let us rest in the shadow,
Far from life's ocean-surf fitfully tossed;
I'll sing to thee dreamily, down in the meadow,
A song of sweet memories—sighs for the lost;
As oft I have sung when fast-falling showers,
That came with the thunderous voice of the blast,
Swept in their chilliness, killing the flowers;
Or when the snow-storm went hurrying past,
Then sadly or gayly I dreamingly wandered,
While under my old hat my sweet thoughts I pondered.

Come, cross the wood near the fields by the river,
Gather we flowers and songs there for ever!

III.

Often, thou knowest how, pleasingly dreaming,
Brightest of air-castles, musing, I'd build;
And in that dreaming each castle was seeming
With treasures and pleasures overflowingly filled.
An infant of Paris—of Paris the shameless,
I might have wandered its purlieus among,
Even uncared-for, and homeless and nameless,
Had not the muse set her mark on my tongue.

Mother benignant! She gave me a name,
And blessed me with home, and crowned me with fame!
Come, cross the wood near the fields by the river,
Gather we flowers and songs there for ever!

IV.

She was my nurse, and she taught me to ponder
On nature and men; and kindly she'd say:
"Come from the city, child, with me to wander;
Come, gather roses which grow by the way."
Since then, though far from the thirst which devours,
For riches and courts, she cares for me yet;
Though feebled with age, she brings songs and
flowers,
To bind in a wreath for the brow of her pet;
The *man* hears her songs with gladness and joy,
He hears the sweet lullaby sung to the boy.
Come, cross the wood near the fields by the river,
Gather we flowers and songs there for ever!

V.

"Come, guide the Republic!" fools would advise me;
Sages of yesterday foolishly prate;
O, my companion! would it not surprise thee,
Having to aid me in carrying the State?
I must be stronger than Atlas, and bolder;
O, my good cane! it would make thee to groan,
Had I the weight of the world on my shoulder,
And thou hadst to bear it all, joined to my own.

A grief to my friends, to all wise men a joke,
To see me beneath the political yoke.

Come, cross the wood near the fields by the river,
Gather we flowers and songs there for ever !

VI.

In sunshiny days, and in dreariest weather,

Dearest companion ! thou ever wast nigh ;

Faithfully have we grown aged together,

And with the dead past together we'll die.

To this new era, my cane ! I have bound thee,

Thou who hast guided my footsteps aright ;

Be thou support to the vanquished around thee,

Wildly who wander in sorrow's sad night.

Companion, farewell ! I enter the gloom,

I leave thee, old friend, on the brink of my tomb !

Come, cross the wood near the fields by the river,

Gather we flowers and songs there for ever !

GO FOR THE RIGHT, WHATEVER BETIDE.

THOUGH beauty entice you

With laughter and smiles,

And strive to ensnare you

With charms and with wiles,

O pass them by lightly,

Their powers deride,

And go for the right,

Whatever betide.

Though wealth may allure you
 With diamonds and gold,
The strength of your manhood
 Must *never be sold*;
Bid riches "avaunt ye!"
 With power and pride,
And go for the right, }
 Whatever betide.

Though power oppose you
 With strength and with might, }
O, ne'er be disheartened,
 Though hard be the fight ;
O never be conquered,
 Nor e'er turned aside,
But go for the right,
 Whatever betide.

In archives of glory
 Your name be enrolled,
In songs and in story }
 Your brave deeds be told, ;
Along with the heroes
 Who fought and who died,
Who went for the right,
 Whate'er might betide.

BABY IS AT REST.

Died, October 28, 1859, at Spartanburg, Mary Jane, only child of Professor James H. and Mrs. Margaret Jane Carlisle, aged two years and four months.

I.

CEASE the sound of wailing ;
Still the throbbing breast :
List ! the angels whisper,
“ Baby is at rest.”

II.

Bend, ye gentle flowers,
Shedding rich perfume ;
Breathe your sweetest incense,
Hallowing her tomb.

III.

Sing, ye winds of evening,
Softly, sweetly low ;
Lull her dreamless sleeping,
Sighing as ye go.

IV.

Beam, ye stars of night-time,
Calmly, purely bright ;
Lure her soul to heaven
With your radiant light.

V.

Come, ye blessed angels,
As through space ye roam,
Waft her on your pinions,
Bear her safely home!

VI.

Ring, ye bells of heaven,
Let the anthem roll
Through the courts of glory—
God has gained a soul.

THE BABY SLEEPS.

Died, in Charleston, 25th June, 1860, Annie Laura Amelia,
only child of John and Amelia J. Kenifick.

Poor baby! thou art lying
In the cold and silent ground,
While the summer winds are sighing
Saddest requiems all around;
There is no one now to cheer thee,
Though the tempests wildly rave;
None are with thee, none are near thee,
Save the monarch of the grave.

O baby! were I resting
In the silence of the tomb,
Or where the white foam cresting
Shows the sea-graves through the gloom ;
O, it could not be so gloomy
As this world seems now to me,
Where wild phantoms still pursue me,
Haunting ghosts of memory.

Dear baby, thou art sleeping
Where the flowers, as they wave,
Drop the dew, like mourners weeping
While they bend above thy grave ;
And birds come sweetly singing,
While the stars their vigils keep,
And the lily-bells are ringing,
Sweetly lulling thee to sleep.

Sweet baby, there is mourning
By the whilom blithesome hearth,
For the lost one ne'er returning,
For thy smiles and joyous mirth ;
Yes, they miss thee, darling, nightly,
When the shades of evening fall ;
No footsteps now are lightly
Tripping through the sounding hall.

And, baby, though with wailing
And with woe we laid thee down,
When the blessed sun seemed paling,
And the heaven wore a frown,

Yet, dearest, grief and sadness
Must be for us alone ;
To thee is joy and gladness,
Hard by the Master's throne.

Blest baby! thou art singing
Where angels chant their lays,
And golden bells are ringing
And chiming notes of praise ;
And though we are benighted
By mourning's darkest gloom,
We know the bud's not blighted,
But in heaven's courts shall bloom.

R E Q U I E M .

SUGGESTED BY SEEING THE GRAVE OF A STRANGER IN ELMWOOD
CEMETERY.

SEEEP on, sleep on,
Where the stars watch your sleeping,
Sleep on, sleep on,
Where the dewdrops are weeping
Tears o'er the early dead,
Tears for the spirit fled.

Sleep on, sleep on,
Where the green grass is growing ;
Sleep on, sleep on,
Where the river is flowing ;

Where its waves, as they roll,
Chant a prayer for thy soul.

Sleep on, sleep on,
Where thou'lt late be to waken;
Sleep on, sleep on,
All alone and forsaken;
But thy God heard thy prayer,
When no loved one was there.

Sleep on, sleep on,
There is grief for the living;
Sleep on, sleep on,
Where the lone grave is giving
Peace to the troubled breast,
And to the weary rest.

DEATH THE FOE, AND DEATH THE FRIEND.

DEATH, avaunt, with all thy horrors,
Gloom, and darkness of the grave;
O, avaunt! ye damnèd spirits,
Why so madly howl and rave?

Conqueror in a million battles,
O, thou shalt not conquer me!
Yet I feel thy mighty power;
Death, I yield—I yield to thee.

Of the land of night and terrors
Thou dost open wide the door,
Where, with devils, fiends, and demons,
I shall burn for evermore.

Welcome, Death, thou friend in sorrow;
Welcome, quiet of the grave;
There's no gloom and darkness brooding
O'er the hast'ning stygian wave.

Countless thousands are thy victims,
Yet thou canst not conquer me;
Jesus' death to me has given
O'er the grave a victory.

Thou dost only ope the portal
Of a brighter, better land,
Where, with angels and archangels,
I shall live at God's right hand.

'T WAS AT THE EVENTIDE.

ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S BROTHER.

'T WAS at the eventide,
When angels took his soul,
The silver cord untied,
And broke the golden bowl,
And bore him home. Our hearts were riven,
But there were joyful songs in heaven.

'Twas at the eventide
We heard the death-bell toll,
But heaven opened wide,
And God received his soul ;
Angels rejoiced to greet another :
They hailed our early-called one, " Brother."

'Twas at the eventide,
When the stars lit the sky,
And then in grief I cried,
" How sweet 'twould be to die,
To leave the world and seek for rest
For the sad heart and troubled breast !"

THE EARLY DEAD.

O SING a song, so sweet, so sad,
Not joyous, blithe, or gay ;
A solemn dirge be sung for those
Who early pass away.

Before the roseate tints of health
Begin their swift decay,
They go to fairer realms above
Who early pass away.

They go to heavenly kingdoms bright,
To everlasting day ;
They leave this earth to live with God,
Who early pass away.

They sing a song divinely sweet,
They hymn a heavenly lay,
They tune their sweet-toned golden harps,
Who early pass away.

They live a life of endless joy,
(The Holy Scriptures say,)
And see Jehovah's glorious face,
Who early pass away.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

WHAT is that shining in the sky,
That gleameth brightly far on high,
That nightly glimmers from afar?
It is, my child, a glittering star.

What is that rising from the sea,
And shining brightly o'er the lea?
It is, my child, the full-orbed moon,
From gracious God a welcome boon.

The clouds ofttimes with fires are lit,
Which 'cross the vaulted heavens flit;
That light mine eyes refuse to bear.
That is, my child, the lightning's glare.

Next, dreadful noises oft I hear,
Rolling and crashing through the air.

This is, my love, the thunder's roar,
Telling that all the danger's o'er.

Mother, who made these wondrous things—
These stars, that darkness with it brings;
The lightning's glare, the thunder's roar;
The moon, that high aloft doth soar?

'Tis God, my child, who made them all,
Who made this world round, like a ball;
He dwells in light, far up on high,
Beyond the reach of mortal eye.

THE DEAD OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

TELL me, ocean waves,
As ye roll on,
Mourn ye o'er the graves,
As ye roll on,
Where now the dead are sleeping,
Late to waken,
While widowed ones are weeping,
All forsaken?

Tell me, stars of night,
As ye shine forth,
Pale ye your pure light,
As ye shine forth?

Are ye your vigils keeping,
 While tempests moan,
 Where the loved ones are sleeping,
 Alone! alone!

O, winds, as ye blow,
 Hurrying on,
 Bear ye sounds of woe,
 Hurrying on?
 Heard ye their prayers ascending
 From the ocean,
 While sea and sky were blending
 In commotion?

Yes; the ocean waves,
 As they roll on,
 Mourn in their deep caves,
 As they roll on;
 Never an earthly meeting
 To those death parts;
 Ne'er more a joyous greeting
 To loving hearts.

And the stars grow pale,
 As they shine forth,
 When the tempests wail,
 As they shine forth?
 And the stars watch their resting,
 When the white foam,
 On the curling wave cresting,
 Covers their home.

And the roaring blast,
Hurrying on,
Shrieks o'er the wide waste,
Hurrying on,
Where there were stout hearts quailing
In agony;
And thence it bore their wailing
Up to the sky.

DEATH, THE KING.

SUGGESTED BY "STORM, THE KING."

I AM Death, the King!
And my minions are
Fever and famine
And cruel war;
And my stern commands
They haste to perform
With willing hands;
For I'm Death, the King!

I am Death, the King!
No tribute I pay;
Monarchs and chieftains,
They own my sway;
And before my might
Footmen and horsemen
Cower in fright;
For I'm Death, the King!

I am Death, the King!
Amid crumbling stones
I have fixed my court,
And mouldering bones,
Where the battenning worms
Make a royal feast
On noble forms;
For I'm Death, the King!

I am Death, the King!
No sorrow have I
For the tears I bring
To the mourner's eye;
From the mother's arms
I will snatch her child,
And blast its charms;
For I'm Death, the King!

I am Death, the King!
My brother is Sleep,
Who comes as a friend
To those who weep;
And he dries the tears
Which I cause to flow,
And soothes all cares;
I am Death, the King!

I am Death, the King!
With my red right hand
I ope the door
To a better land,

Where my powers fail;
For before God's light
Proud Death must quail;
Even Death, the King!

LA BELLE CREOLE.

O, BELLE CREOLE,
Your hoops you roll
So *nonchalantly* down the street!
As if you thought
You honor brought
By stepping with your dainty feet
Upon God's earth,
Where we all have birth.

Elise, ma belle,
Although you swell
So grandly past in crinoline,
Sometimes you stare,
And wildly glare,
As if a spectre you had seen—
Some damnèd ghoul,
Or wandering soul.

O, "Reine d'Amour!"
In days of yore
How fondly Alphonse you caressed;

His love betrayed !
 Ah ! now he's laid
 (A pistol bullet in his breast)
 By the bayou,
 For the love of you.

O, Belle Creole !
 Though you unroll
 A list of rents as long 's my arm ;
 Though you have gold
 And wealth untold,
 Alas ! your riches have no charm
 To blind the glare
 Of that horrid stare.

Ah ! Belle Creole !
 There is a goal
 Where stands the Judge of life's long race,
 And diamonds' blaze
 Can't dim his gaze :
 O, how will you meet the pallid face
 And stony stare
 Of the dead man there ?



TO MISS MARY S——, OF GEORGIA.

THOU cam'st like a sunbeam,
 A spirit of light,
 Across my life's pathway,
 All gleaming and bright ;

And shone for a moment,
And gladdened my way,
And turned all my darkness
To glorious day.

In life's dreary desert,
Thy memory shall be
A garden of flowers
All beauteous to me.

Like a meteor of glory
In heaven's blue dome,
Thy presence shone brightly,
Then vanished in gloom.

Thou hast gone, and the places
That shone with thy light
Have lost all their brightness,
Are shadowed with night.

LIKE A SUNBEAM.

LIKE a sunbeam
Coming, going;
Like the wave tide
Ebbing, flowing:
Such is life. Like grass we wither;
For a moment
Living, loving;
In a moment
Darkly roving,
Going—ah, we know not whither.

Now we're joyous,
 But to-morrow
 Comes and brings us
 Care and sorrow ;
 Hearts must break, and friends must sever ;
 On life's ocean
 Tossing, surging,
 Sail our life-boats,
 Till submerging
 Comes a wave—they're lost for ever.

Life's a journey
 Sad and weary,
 To a valley
 Dark and dreary,
 Bounded by a gloomy river ;
 Through the darkness
 Looking over
 Lovely visions,
 We discover
 'Tis the bright land of Forever.

'Cross the waters
 Madly swelling,
 For the homeless
 There's a dwelling ;
 To the weary rest is given ;
 Sorrows there will
 Be requited ;
 Severed hearts will
 Be united
 In that blessed home-land—heaven.

A WAIL FOR THE GIFTED.

ON THE DEATH OF HOWARD HAYNE CALDWELL.

AND art thou cold and lowly laid ?
And has thy funeral prayer been said ?
And has the requiem sad been sung
For thee who diedst so loved, so young ?
And shall the smiling buds of spring
No longer laugh in flowers for thee ?
And shall the birds still sweetly sing,
But not for thee their minstrelsy ?

Yes ; flowers shall with zephyrs wave,
But only blend to bless thy grave ;
And birds shall sing from greenwood tree
Only to chant a dirge for thee ;
While gently-falling summer rain
Shall shed its tears of sorrow where
Sad music murmurs o'er the plain,
While nature mourns her worshipper.

Friend of my soul, thy heart is stilled,
That erst with ecstacy was thrilled ;
And silent now the courts have grown
Where fancy held her radiant throne ;
And eyes where fires of genius gleamed,
Ah ! death has quenched their glorious glow ;
From lips whence tuneful measures streamed,
Sweet harmonies no more shall flow.

I'd lay thy loved harp by thy side,
If chance some lingering strain abide,
That, murmuring with angel-breath,
Might wake the dull, cold ear of death;
But by the Master's great white throne,
Where golden bells are ringing now,
Where love perfected dwells alone,
Beloved friend, sure there art thou.

Thou didst not know—and none can know—
My love for thee, my depth of woe,
That thine allotted task is done,
While mine is scarcely yet begun;
And still in dreams thy form I see,
When night o'erspreads her jewelled veil;
And still thou singest unto me
In some wild, weirdsome, witching wail.

BATTLE SONG.*

MEN of the South, awake ye! arise!
The burning cross on its mission flies;
On Southern soil is a stain of blood,
The dark portent of a fearful flood;
'Tis the deep and foul and damning stain
Of our brothers' blood by foemen slain:
Then arm, arm, arm for the fight!
Let Southern might win Southern right.

* This and the following piece were the author's last poems.

Men of the South, the tempest is nigh,
The thunder-clouds overhang the sky;
A warning voice from the wailing blast
Heralds the storm as it gathers fast;
With your decks all cleared, and furled each sail,
Meet ye the storm and weather the gale;
And arm, arm, arm for the fight!
Ere the day dawns is the darkest night.

Then, men of the South, awake! arise!—
By your flowery lands and sunny skies;
By the glorious deeds of daring done
When your fathers' swords brave victories won;
By earth and hell and the heaven above;
By life and death, and by hate and love,
O, arm, arm, arm for the fight!
By Southern might win Southern right.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

With joyous hearts and gladsome smiles
We hail this glorious Christmas morn;
This sacred day, when angels told
To men the blessed Christ was born.
And in the East a star arose,
The brightest of Night's diadem,
And hovered where the Christ-child lay;
It was the star of Bethlehem.
That star, the harbinger of peace,

.

Was greeted by angelic breath,
And with its radiance burst the gloom
And brooding clouds of sin and death;
And beamed upon earth's darkest shore
A sign of hope for evermore.

This day comes now with doubled joy,
For on the land and o'er the sea
Is waving with undaunted pride
The evergreen Palmetto tree!
And rising brightly in the skies,
Above the tempest-driven tide,
There beams a glorious planet-star—
The star of Carolina's pride.
The skies display no grander light,
And night can boast no brighter gem,
Than that blest star, whose glory yields
Alone to that of Bethlehem.
O may it shine from shore to shore,
With golden light for evermore!

Sketches.

INDIANS.

“Lo! the poor Engine!” remarked the Fifer to Ruby, one day, pointing to the wreck of an engine which had collapsed and expanded and blown up, until what once was the beautiful perfection of mechanism had become a mass of ruins, without form, and void. They had just been discussing the question whether Pope meant to pun when he said,

“His soul proud Science never taught to stray
Far as the *soul-ar walk*, or *milky-way* ;”

and had come to the satisfactory conclusion that the Indian had often sought the *milky-way* when in infancy, ere yet he had become accustomed to grosser nutriment. With a deep-drawn sigh, Ruby remarked, “*Heigh!* the poor Indian,” and, cow-like, commenced ruminating, thinking of Indians, their past, their glorious past, for ever past ; their ignoble and degraded present, and their sorrowful, lowering future.

When in pristine days the Indian roamed in uncontrolled freedom through primeval forests whose savage

grandeur filled him with grand ideas of the Great Spirit by whose word they came into existence; when in the sound of the winds rushing down the valleys, or sighing through the trees, or howling over waters, or clashing and shrieking and shouting around the mountain-tops, he heard but the war-cries and battle-alarums of the spirits of dead heroes and braves; when the murmuring of waters and the rustling of breezes were to him as the voices of good spirits from the cloud-covered lands of the blessed hereafter; when the flashing and blazing of the lightning, as its electric fires illumined the heavens, or the rolling and crashing of the thunder, as it reverberated from cliff and cavern, were gleams from the wrath-kindled eyes of Manitou, or sounds of his voice when he spoke from his empyreal throne; when the warrior, returning from the battle or the chase, came home chanting the songs of victory, and was met at the lodge door by the "Lily of the Waters," or the "Wild Fawn of the Forest"—daughters of the wildwood, whose hearts were as warm as the sunshine in summer, and pure as the wind-driven snow of the winter, and whose souls were as kind and true as is the turtle-dove cooing in gentle, loving tones to her mate, and as brave as the swan when she drives the wild eagle from the nest where her cygnets are gathered; when truth and honor were native to his soul, and before the white man had taught him that these were of less value than gold, and could be bought and sold as chattels in the market-place; then, when he "saw God in clouds or heard him in the wind," and was in constant communication with nature, which was

his religion, his God, O then was his past, his glorious past!

Driven away from the graves of his fathers, from the home of his boyhood; tribes scattered and nations dispersed; hunted from covert to covert, and driven beyond the blue mountains of the West, to dwell in a strange land; contaminated by all the vices which the Europeans brought, but blessed with none of their virtues; wasted by diseases which followed civilization and destroyed thousands in a day; preyed upon by harpies whose god is an idol of gold; having tasted the cup and become enthralled by the overpowering might of the Demon of the Still, who has peopled hell with millions; down-trodden and despised, vicious and depraved, liars and thieves, robbers and assassins; honor, truth, virtue, and valor for ever lost. Such, alas! is their ignoble present.

“There are fifty-four Indians remaining in Florida; there are among these but fourteen warriors.” This extract from a late newspaper was the exciting cause of the present epistle, and mournful were the thoughts concerning the future of the Indian. Was this meagre handful all that was left in the beautiful, flower-bearing, palm-crowned Florida, of those who were once the proud lords of all its fertile lands? Would the teeming savannahs never more present for them their stores? Would the thick-woven, vine-covered coverts of the almost impenetrable hammocks never more offer to them a refuge from the invading foe? In mournful cadence comes the answer, Nevermore. Never again shall the Suwanee’s bright waters sing a lullaby for

the child left to sleep on its banks. Never again shall the Ocklockonee reflect the graceful form of the dark-browed maiden, as she views her beautiful features in the limpid waters, or disports herself beneath its blue waves. Never more shall the warrior launch his light canoe on Withlacoochee's stream, and glide along to the lodge where his loved one dwells, or hasten down the swift current, carrying death and destruction, at the dead of night, into the silent camp of the slumbering foe.

Alas! the red men have departed, and are as though they were not. Where once the shrill war-whoop was reëchoed from the forests, is heard now the shrieking of the locomotive, as it hurries along on its iron path. The ring of the woodman's axe breaks the solemn stillness which once reigned throughout the orange-groves. And even the mounds which were raised over the graves of the dead are worn down and destroyed by the ploughshare. It requires no prophetic eye to see—for the vista of years is not long—how, gradually, the Indians will disappear; how, one by one, they will pass away, until of the aborigines of America not one will be left to tell the story of the glory of his ancestors, or the sad fate of their posterity. They are fast disappearing from the present, to take their place among the nations of history. Their relics will be preserved among the curiosities of museums, and, in the words of another, "theirs will soon be the dead language of a dead people." And to pass away and be forgotten; this, indeed, is their mournful future.

If you ask, Why is this? the answer is that it is a

necessity of the scheme and plan of civilization. It is an obstacle which must be overthrown in the course of progression. It is a barrier which must be passed, which impedes the westward march of the Anglo-Saxon race, ever following steadily and resistlessly in the path illuminated by the beacon-light which gloriously beams from the radiant "Star of Empire."

"R A L E I G H I S M."

"Different men have different opinions;
Some like leeks, and some like inions."

I AM distinctly opposed to controversy, and am for letting every man enjoy his own opinions unmolested, even should they be pernicious. I would not quarrel with the person, let him think as he pleases; but when he publishes his opinions to the world, and I publish mine, if these opinions come in conflict, why, all I say is, "Let 'em come." So much by way of explanation.

The Elizabethan age in English history may well be called the golden age of England. The kingdom was at the height of prosperity, being ably and wisely governed by a queen of masculine energy and will, assisted by most efficient counsellors. England was peaceful at home, secure from internal commotions; and her power was feared and respected by all foreign nations. Commerce was flourishing, and every ship

which came to port brought the golden spoils of Spanish galleons, or the rich produce of Eastern and Western Indies. The Protestant religion was then first established on that firm basis from which it has never since been shaken. Literature was at the height of its glory, and in its temple William Shakspeare was the great high-priest. The grand old Baron of Verulam, Francis Bacon, was entering on his high career of reforming the systems of human knowledge. The brave Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, led the armies to victory on land, while Francis Drake rode conqueror of the seas. In truth, this was a golden age, rendered illustrious, as it has been, by the deeds of many a one whose name the world "would not willingly let die." There was Spenser, who wrote about "the heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb." There was his noble patron, Sir Philip Sidney, renowned in peace and war, who, ere he died covered with glory at Zutphen, gave the water, brought to cool his burning thirst, to assuage the pangs of a dying soldier. There were the Cecils, Burleigh and Salisbury, father and son, both famed as councillors and statesmen. There were Cavendish and Grenville, and Frobisher and Drake. There were Amias Paulet and Drue Drury, who would not consent to treachery toward their royal captive, Scotland's queen.

There was Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the proud lord of famous Kenilworth, and haughty favorite of Elizabeth. And last, not least, was Walter Raleigh—Walter Raleigh, historian, warrior, poet, statesman; Walter Raleigh, who, if success were not the world's criterion

of merit, would rank highest among the heroes who assisted in the palingenesis of the Western world; Walter Raleigh, who, having served his country faithfully and well, was rewarded for his services by the headsman's axe. To be a brave and generous knight, valiant, accomplished, and a gallant, courtly gentleman, was the loftiest aspiration of high-born youths in those old days; and such was Walter Raleigh. His throwing his cloak on the ground, that thereon his queen might pass by without discomfort, is an evidence of his ready, thoughtful gallantry, which could spring only from a kind and gentle heart. It may seem to some, in these cold, main-chance, matter-of-fact days, a romantic action, and rather high-flown, but surely it was not a foolish one. And the queen who would have passed on careless of the deed, or who would have laughed at him, instead of being touched by his loyal devotion, would richly deserve to be dethroned and turned into a cook. This action, and similar ones of others and of other times, have been classed together, and sneered and reprehended under the name of "Raleighism;" and this has caused this letter. If deferential politeness and lofty acts of gallantry to females be "Raleighism;" if, by attention and kindness, and even romantic and chivalrous devotion, striving to raise woman from a household drudge, or a mere creature to serve man's passions, to an acknowledged position as man's equal or his superior, (as she certainly is, in all the spiritual and æsthetic sentiments,) be "Raleighism;" if softening the manners and elevating the tone and spirit of this *brazen*

age be "Raleighism," then I, for one, say, "Give me Raleighism."

When I see (and only in America can I see it) a man rising from his comfortable place in a crowded car, and yielding it to a female, whether she be poorly clad or dressed in rich apparel, because she is a woman, then I think to myself, "Thank God! the spirit of Raleigh still lives."

W O M E N ' S E Y E S .

EYES ever have been, are, and always will be objects of great interest to mankind, from every point of view. They are used as murderous weapons, when we look daggers. They are used as places of deposit, as when we say, "That's all in my eye." They sometimes acquire a sort of personality when appealed to alone or in conjunction with the illustrious Elizabeth Martin. They are convenient marks at which to direct "smashers," when engaged in pugnacious warfare. They are the members of the body oftenest consigned by profane seafaring men to utter condemnation. Finally, they are good, very good to see with. Glass eyes are very smooth and bright, and look very well, but they can never look to compare with the commonest and homeliest pair of nature's productions. Spectacles and eye-glasses and telescopes and microscopes are very well in their way; but what would they be without the eye, as the final cause of all their usefulness?

Eyes are like rivers, for they have cataracts. They are like old handkerchiefs, sometimes full of *tears*. They are like house-frames, full of beams; these beams being of two species—the one (not desirable) occurring when the person is peculiarly observant of motes in the ocular organs of others; the other (very good) most often seen in the bright eyes of beautiful females. All animals have eyes, even oysters, except those unfortunate fish dwelling in the black waters of the Mammoth Cave, which fish, not being able to see the dangers of the barbed hook, seize the bait, which they can smell, without a moment's hesitation, and thus become the easy prey of unprincipled anglers, meanly taking advantage of their benighted condition, “thus affording a melancholy proof of the depravity of mankind.” Potatoes have eyes; and these vegetables, being the chief, if not the entire food of the Irish people, are the cause of that nation's being so extremely wide awake. Persons or chicken-cocks with one eye are sportively denominated Blinkers, upon the blind side of whom it is always safest to begin the attack, in the event of a hostile collision. When people lose their sight, God pity them! There is an affliction to which all other physical ones are but light. The flowers may dress themselves in brightest hues; the birds may gleam in the golden sunlight with gaudiest plumage; the sunbeams may gild the green leaves and burnish the bright waters and crown the mountain-tops with a coronet of glory, but it is all black to them. All the grandest exhibitions of nature; all the most wonderful achievements of science; all

the glorious trophies which art has raised, are to them as though they were not; and the remembrance of former joys derived from these sources, (the sources of the most refined pleasures,) must be fraught with pain, from the consciousness of present and future deprivation. Not eternal deprivation, though; for, thank God, *death must come!* And death, closing the mortal eye, opens wide the spirit's view, and the blind can see such glorious creations in the land of immortality as never yet have been beheld among earth's fairest scenes, enchantingly lovely though they may be.

I once heard of a cure for blindness, which, being simple, I would recommend for trial. A blind man once eating a very tough beef-steak, had to pull so hard that he pulled his eyes open. I am happy to state that in gratitude he always afterwards ate beef-steak whenever he could get it.

But my preliminary remarks are stretching so far, that they will leave but little room for expatiating upon the original subject, which is

WOMEN'S EYES.

They express more than men's eyes. Be they black or blue, or brown or gray, or even green, (most horrible, the latter,) there is always an expression about them which shows that they are truly the windows of the soul. You never saw a woman who could look one thing and mean another. They very often speak differently from what they think, but they never look otherwise than as their feelings prompt them. The mere matter of color makes but little difference. Of

course you oftenest find black eyes an indication of a quick, fiery, passionate nature, whose possessor hates or loves fiercely, and blue eyes indicating softness and pliability, and strong but not passionate attachment or aversion. Yet you often find the natural sequence reversed, and the dispositions consequent upon one description of physical conformation all attending the opposite. In this, as in every thing else, we are ruled by conventionality, that great extinguisher of all natural feeling or expression. Because painters, when they wish to represent Faith or Hope or Resignation, or something preëminently extramundane, choose as an impersonation a female figure, and represent her with auburn or golden hair and fair complexion and blue eyes, are we to conclude that Blondes are better or purer or holier than Brunettes? Or, when they would portray an Aspasia or a Cleopatra or a Ninon de l'Enclos, because they use brown umber and burnt sienna, instead of pink and white, or ivory-black, instead of ultramarine, are we to suppose that women with brown complexions, whose cheeks the sunbeams have loved to dwell upon, and black eyes whose brightness rivals the light of stars, are any more earthly or less divine than the pale-faced, fair-haired representatives of angels? No: one is as good as the other, for both are beautiful and true and good by nature. And you find a blue-eyed woman as likely to stray from virtue's paths from want of will, as you find a black-eyed woman from force of passion.

Women *can* talk, and *do* talk, (Heaven knows,) but they have so very many emotions that their eyes must

talk too. And then, as if kind Heaven were determined to make them guileless whether or no, every emotion of their hearts is very clearly shown in their eyes. They cannot be deceitful. They may talk deceptively, and if you listen without looking, or are unable to read the signs in their eyes, you may be deceived; but Heaven has added this quality, so as to make her, so to speak, in spite of herself, truthful. So let her have blue or black or gray or brown or green (which last is especially horrible) eyes, a woman, as yet uncontaminated by earth's influences, is the most beautiful, the truest, the purest, and the holiest of God's creations; and the most beautiful, the best of her possessions, are brightly-beaming, soul-lit eyes.

LITTLE GIRLS.

A BEAUTIFUL, blushing rosebud, a moss rosebud, is something like a little girl; only *something* like, though, for earth does not possess in its fairest gardens or richest treasures any flower half so beautiful, any jewel half so radiant as a graceful, lovely, innocent girl. Modest as is the violet half hidden beneath the grass and spangled with dewdrops, it is not more modest than she is. Sweet as is the perfumed breath of the jessamine, swaying and rustling its golden bells, it is not more sweet than the fragrance of virtue and truth, which is bounteously shed around her. Bright as is the light which gleams from the diamond sparkling

preëminent in a carcanet of gems, it is not more radiant than the love-light which illumines and beams forth from her eyes. Light as is the prattling and babbling of the streamlet, as it goes leaping and gliding along in its flower-decked banks, it is not more joyous than the silvery sound of the musical laughter which comes welling up from her mirth-laden breast, and wreathing her cheeks and lips with sunniest smiles. Pure as are the pearls whitely gleaming from the ocean caves, or the lilies bowing to the salutations of the breezes which come bearing the tribute of rich odors gleaned from flower-beds over which they had flown, they are not more pure, nor is purity itself more holy than the heart of a little girl, fit shrine for the indwelling of Heaven's choicest perfections.

He must be very wicked and sin-polluted who does not love little girls. I love them of all sizes, except when they are about six feet high, and weigh about three hundred. Then, sweet and good as they are, they become rather *too much* of a good thing.

Now there is one little girl who brings the light of sunbeams and the odor of roses whenever she comes near me, and I have promised to tell her a story; and as I would not for the world tell her *a story*, here goes for the performance of the promise. (If it turn out to be a very poor story, or no story at all, you must remember that I said I would not for the world *tell a story*.)

A STORY FOR TINY—(MARY YOUNG BRYCE.)

Well, the winter had come, and all the beautiful

flowers were dead, and the birds had flown away and carried their sweet music to gladden the hearts of those who dwell in the more genial regions, where the sun laughs all the year round with a broad grin of summer. The melancholy, sighing winds of autumn had come and consoled with the trees, and these had cast their sad-colored leaves over the graves where the seeds were buried, waiting for *their resurrection*. The little life-germs of the future leaves and flowers were all sleeping, covered over with their brown and russet bedclothes; and thus, though the winter winds might blow coldly, and the sleet might rattle chilly, they were all warm and cosy. Sometimes, when it grew very cold, the Great Father would send down his gently-falling, soft, fleecy snow; and a warm white quilt would then be added to their covering. So the winter passed on, and the germs slept on. Now the sun, who had been wrapped up in clouds, as if he too feared the cold, began to peep out and wink at the tree-tops where the icicles were hanging; and the trees were so glad that they wept for joy, and threw away the ice-diamonds which the Frost King had given them, (for I am sorry to say they had been coquetting outrageously with old Hiems—that is, Jack Frost—while the sun was gone, and had received many beautiful presents of diamonds and pearls and all kinds of precious jewels,) and forthwith they began to rustle their branches and straighten out their twigs and primp up generally and extensively. Then the little golden motes which glide up and down on the sunbeams, began to gather around the trees and nestle on their widespread arms; and

they whispered to the germs and buds to come forth and play ; for the old winter was dying, and they must come forth and prepare the palace and the throne for the reception of the young and rosy spring. However, the trees were timorous, and rather afraid to let the buds come out so soon, and so they waited, just like people do, to see who would lead the way. Then an audacious little plum tree came out one morning, and not only in summer costume, but actually all in white, as if to show its contempt of danger by derisively sporting the livery of winter. No sooner did this occur than all the peach trees resolved not to be outdone, and here they came, nodding and bowing and courtesying, all dressed out in their finest blush-colored raiment. That is to say, I thought at first that they were dressed as I have just described ; but a little fairy who happened just then to be fluttering past, whispered to me that this was not the dress of the trees, but that they had heard the sweet singing of the birds and spring zephyrs, and had looked out and smiled with flowers, and so the trees were only clothed with beauty. (I expect that is what made the peach trees blush so violently.) Finding that beauty, however becoming, is not a very substantial clothing, they then did dress themselves in earnest, or rather in *green* ; and the fruit trees had their clothes adorned with rows of round, bright green velvet buttons. (I suppose the other trees fastened their clothes with strings and ribbons and pins ; but about this I am not certain.) Thus they were all smiling and bright and happy, when suddenly there was heard a low, rumbling, muttering

sound from afar off. The trees heard it, but played on and smiled on as brightly as ever. Then the clouds, who saw the coming of danger, came and wept over the earth, for they knew that trouble was near. The old cowardly sun hid himself quickly, and put on his night-cap of mists and went to sleep again. The trees played on and smiled on, but they began to tremble and look pale, for they heard the clarion-notes which the heralding tempests blew. Then came the army of the Frost King, with sharp, shining spears and white plumes, and they marched up in dreadful array and made prisoners of the trees. Then John, the great king of frost and ice and snow, put on his ermine robes and pronounced sentence on the shivering, trembling prisoners.

The sentence was :

1st. "That all the trees who had been caught dressed out in fine array to do honor to the young prince, Spring, should have their buttons cut off and their fine dresses scorched and torn, as a mark of disgrace."

2d. "That the plum tree, the ringleader, should be beheaded immediately, if not sooner."

Loud were the lamentations and sighs of the poor prisoners. (Some people, stupid people, said that it was the wind blowing through the branches ; but I knew better than that.) There were many friends to sympathize with the trees, and many fellow-sufferers to weep with them ; for upon the toes and ears of some little persons were the marks of the cruelty of him whom people contemptuously call Jack Frost. And I grieved too, Tiny ; for I thought, Alas ! alas ! where

now will be the plum-jelly that I have loved so long and well; where the pies whose flavor rejoiced my palate, and where the sweet milk and peaches, dearer than all?

Now, Tiny, as to the meaning of all this, simply told, it is this: The trees put out their flowers and leaves too soon, and the frost came and nipped them. You may ask why I did not say so, then, without all that talk about dress and trumpets and diamonds and so on. The reason is, because I am very fond of talking and writing, when I get anybody to listen to me and read what I write; so I took the opportunity to say as much as I could. And now good night. I suppose you won't be very anxious to hear any more stories from tiresome and tired

RUBY.

THE ACME OF BEAUTY.

Do you know what I consider the acme of beauty? Perhaps it may make but little difference to any one what may be my private opinion on this highly interesting subject; but it is a free country, and (thanks to your courtesy to me) a free press, and I intend to express my opinions, and if any one object, he or she may go to the D-ictionary for a better interpretation of the signification, or rather for a better realizing of the ideal of the perfection of Beauty.

"Beauty is but skin deep," as was remarked to St. Bartholomew when his cuticle was removed, and

he left in a garment not so becoming as comfortable to those who like that style of summer dress. "Well, suppose it is only skin-deep; who wants it any deeper?" said the saint. With these preliminary remarks, bearing their moral very much exposed, and not by any manner of means distinguished for sense or profundity—quite the reverse, on the contrary—I come back to first principles, and proceed to say what I consider to be the acme of mundane beauty; and this is, "A beautiful, refined woman seated on a fine horse, holding a rosebud in her hand, and admiring and loving a glorious sunset."

Now let me tell you some of the accessories, in my opinion, necessary to this perfection. The woman (I do not say lady, for woman is a *good* word) must be, not brilliantly or garishly beautiful, but softly, womanly, lovely. Not one who steps out boldly with the stately air of a queen, and by her striking and well-displayed charms seems to say, "I am a beauty; come now and bow the knee, and own my power;" but one who is beautiful because she cannot help it, and whose blushes seem to say, "If you *will* worship me, do so, and I am grateful for the homage, for through me you worship the Giver of beauty, the great God, the perfection of all beauty." She should wear a close-fitting dark riding-habit, and her hair should be covered, but not concealed, by a black velvet cap surmounted by two drooping plumes, one black as the raven's wing, and the other as purely white as the unsullied plumage of some hyperborean swan. The rose-bud—any small flower would do, but I prefer a

rose-bud, blushing, half-opened and moss-covered as to its leaves and stem—the rose-bud, I say, should have been gathered when incense was rising heavenward from the flower-beds, and while the dew-diamonds were spangling its breast; and it should have been preserved as an offering to her with a care equal to the venerating guardianship with which a priest watches over some saintly relic of olden days. The horse should be small, compact, and not addicted to pacing or trotting. His color should be a deep blood bay, or a coal black, or a dark sorrel. Said horse should toss his mane and curve his neck, and seem as if proud of his lovely burden. The sunset should be one of those seen only in Southern lands, where the richest tints and brightest hues are commingled in lavish profusion; where it seems as if an anteversion of the glories of the land of the hereafter were kindly granted to earth-contaminated mortals.

Now, it was not “many and many a year ago,” but it was some time ago that your correspondent was favored with the enjoyment of such a feast of beauty as never the most beauty-sensualistic artist ever revelled in. After a week of gayety and dissipation, when, if one thinks at all, he muses on the “*vanitas vanitatum*,” etc.; when, wearied from excitement, and having become of the earth very earthy, he seeks for rest from the turmoil raging without and within; after just such a season, when I was thinking and feeling just as I have described, I was permitted the great privilege of accompanying a most lovely lady on an excursion into the country. The green leaves of

the trees were shining with gladness, and the rich perfumes which came on the wings of the breezes, and the carollings of the birds rejoicing in their regained freedom from the cold thralldom of winter, all were sweet harbingers of the young and lovely summer-time. We rode where the naked rocks frowned grimly down from craggy eminences, and where caverns yawned darkly and deeply beneath us; but here kind nature, ever benevolent and profuse with beauty, ever and anon had sent a clambering vine to lace its tender tendrils and cover the rude rock with a delicate network of crimson and green. And as we rode along, the sweet stillness of the scene was softened, not disturbed, by the murmur of waters, the faintly heard reëchoings of the grand anthem which the river ever is chanting; and suddenly mounting an eminence, there was spread out before us in its picturesque grandeur, like a broad stream of molten silver enclosed between vine-clad and tree-crowned banks, the river of rivers—the blest Congaree. Across the waters the sun was slowly sinking to rest, while azure and gold, and crimson, and purple, and orange, and rose, and every thing gorgeous, and every thing grand, and every thing richly beautiful, had been gathered to adorn his resting-place. And there on the green banks of the majestic river I saw my ideal completely realized—a beautiful refined woman, seated on a fine horse, holding a flower in her hand, and admiring and loving a glorious sunset.

CROOKED STICKS, ETC.

DID you ever try to make up a nice cosy fire, and have a crooked misshapen log, which would lie no one way, but was always in the way or out of the way, preventing the cheery blaze from ascending? I have just been endeavoring to make up just such a fire, and just such another amorphous stick has malevolently thwarted all my designs. I punched this way and I punched it that way; I rammed here and I jammed it there; I punched it all over, lengthwise, crosswise, and round-aboutwise; but, in the words of Archimedes, "it was no go," I retired, I yielded, I succumbed, beaten, as many others have been, by a stick. I gave up the effort as useless to *stick* to it, and as a wilful woman will have her way, (so will a fat one have her weigh,) and so will a crooked stick. There are many other crooked sticks in this world besides those we use for fuel. There are men who are never happy themselves, and prevent others from being so by their sour faces, and harsh remarks, and utter heartlessness. There are women who gossip about their neighbors, with sly innuendoes, and cruel jeerings, and oftentimes with lies. They spread false rumors, and cast stains on hitherto spotless reputations. They follow with the condemning crowd to stone an erring sister, but were they told, "Let her that is without sin among you cast the first stone," they would not dare to throw the smallest pebble. These are the crooked sticks in the

fagots called communities; and these will the devil use for fuel. Then they'll lie straight and keep quiet. There is another kind of crooked sticks. They are those who cannot keep straight, even though they try. They lie smoothly enough at first, but suddenly the heat increases, and here comes a bend, and a warp, and a crook, and their symmetry is destroyed, and then they are in the way of their fellows. These are those good-hearted, kind, generous, oftentimes talented men, whose course is virtuous, and straight, and beautiful; but the heat of fiery temptation comes, and they are led astray and become crooked sticks. Perhaps the devil will catch these too, but let us hope that he will not make back-logs of them. Well, as I was going on to say when these last remarks so rudely interrupted me, I let the log alone, knowing that in the course of time, by means of the vigorous application of fiery measures from below, it would burn out of the way; and so, with the happy consciousness that what is to be will be, I bide my time.

OTHER DAYS.

It is always pleasant to look back to boyhood. Don't let your glance fall on the intermediate space from then until now, for there is too often some dark spot which disfigures the beauty of the picture, and will cause feelings of sorrow and often of pain. But go back to boyhood or young manhood, when your

heart was overflowing with joy and mirth, and you rejoiced in the simple consciousness of BEING—the mere *act of living*; when, if you did do wrong things, they were not very wicked, but might be called the exuberances of life and youthful spirits; and they were soon atoned for, and as soon forgotten, and should as soon have been forgiven.

I love thus to look back—for though I have not seen many lustres, I have a past to revert to—and think over the scenes which were then witnessed, and the deeds then transacted. I love to remember the agents of those actions, as gay, and careless, and light-hearted a set of seventeen year olds as ever raised a row or went on a breeze. Closely allied were they—ay, closer than a band of brothers—and always ready for whatever might turn up, be it fight, fun, or frolic. That band is dispersed now, and those boys are now men, striving amid the ranks of warriors in the great life-battle. One is pursuing with rapid steps a path which leads to fame and glory. A rough road is his; but he has that radiant jewel called genius, which casts a bright light along the pathway. One is in the quiet walks of life—good, honest, and upright, if not renowned. But he, though unknown to fame, may be a greater hero than the conqueror in a hundred battles. One, alas, is going downward; fast and faster along a road smooth and declivitous and beautiful at first, with bright-hued flowers growing along the side, but ending in a gloomy cavern where the monster Ruin dwells, and with a fiendish yell of delight welcomes his victims.

One has gone *home*. I would not wreath his memory with a cypress wreath, but I would twine around it garlands of lilies and roses, for at last and in reality he is *alive*. They laid him in a coffin and clothed them in black, and with tearful eyes they said he was dead. But I looked and saw a calm smile on his face, the peaceful smile of a sense of rest—of eternal rest. And I did not weep, for my heart reflected the smile, and I knew he was now living by a stream where grow amaranthine flowers; a stream whose bright waters are the Waters of Life.

I was thinking to-night of these old times, and scenes, and friends, when an occurrence came before my mind's eye which, for your amusement, I will proceed to relate.

Not very many years ago, in North Carolina, in a village that shall be "nameless here for evermore," there might have been seen, *not* "a *solitary* horseman," nor "a beautiful maiden by a stream." No, dear reader; if you expect any thing of that sort, you had better quit at once. I repeat it: there might have been seen—that is, if any one had looked, and a great many did look—so I may as well say, there was seen a large crowd collected in the public square before the Court House of ———, on the first Monday in January of the year of grace 185—. In the midst of this crowd there was an individual elevated on a barrel; and this individual, clothed as to his outward man in a green coat of a shad-belly cut, and all ornate with resplendent buttons of shining brass, was addressing the assembled multitude on the incomparable excel-

lencies and ineffable virtues of a certain patent medicine, which would cure all the known ills to which poor suffering mortality is subject, and prove a panacea for a thousand hitherto-undreamed-of maladies. He had just finished a pathetic and glowing account of a young and lovely female, who had grown up amid the fostering care of a loving family, and was beginning to bless her home with the thousand sweet influences which a woman ever scatters around her: as a flower repays the care of him who rears it, by blooming in beauty and shedding around rich perfumes; when, as the flower is wilted by the simoon blast of summer, she was stricken down by the hand of disease, and the gloom of the dark valley was already casting its forerunning shadows over her lovely features. This medicine was procured for her; it was taken—she was healed.

There was an evident sensation produced upon the crowd. Their hearts were warmed, and the people were beginning to buy the medicine more as a reward for curing that beautiful girl than for any self-benefited advantages which might accrue. Just then a modest, mild-looking young man, with flowing *golden* locks and an incipient (very incipient) moustache, who had been standing near the barrel accompanied by his well-loved friend Cuff, (now, alas! married,) attracted the attention of the crowd to himself by remarking that he had experienced the beneficial effects of the medicine, and would like to give his testimony in its favor. Taking up a bottle and holding it between his

eye and the sun, so as to mark its rich color, he thus commenced :

“Though you behold me now in youth and beauty, proud in my youth and rejoicing in my beauty, [buzz in the crowd,] it has not been very long since I too was stretched upon the couch of suffering; for disease had laid its heavy hand upon me, and the insidious heralds of the conqueror were driving the blood from my cheeks, which had hitherto bloomed red with the roseate hues of health. [Applause from a sentimental-looking person with sleek hair and a dirty shirt.] Day by day I grew worse and worse. Physicians were called in, but all their skill was of no avail. The disease rapidly progressed, gaining one stronghold after another, until it environed the citadel where the heart-drum was feebly beating its alarum to call all the forces and strength of the constitution to rally to the defence. [‘Go it,’ said Cuff.] And now I felt myself growing weaker and weaker, and knew that the life-stream, which had hitherto flowed so brightly along, was almost exhausted. I bade a long farewell to sorrowing friends: I felt the icy grasp of the great all-conqueror; I heard the hollow tramp of the black horses; and hovering on the confines of time, I could almost hear the flowing of the river, and the music of harps, and the songs of angels. [‘Glory!’ from an old lady.] Just then a messenger came riding furiously on a sweat-covered, mud-stained, foam-flecked steed; he rushed into the room and presented a bottle of this glorious Elixir of Life. With feeble but eager grasp, I seized the bottle, drained its contents, and——”

“You recovered immediately,” said the green-coated one who had been eagerly listening with a smile of satisfaction lighting his face. “No, my friend,” said the youth; “unfortunately, I DIED!”

A yell! a shout! a cry of “*Sold!*” was heard. A shower of bottles darkened the air, and the extreme ends of two very straight coat-tails were seen as the speaker and his friend Cuff vanished round a near corner. The youthful orator—I blush to confess it—was

Your friend,

RUBY.

THE EXPECTED COMET.

A WONDERFUL thing is a comet, as it comes and shines upon us with its fearful light for a short time, and then dashes off with increased velocity into the boundless regions of space. In the year 975, A. D., a great comet was seen, with a fiery tail, stretching for forty degrees over the sky. Then it struck terror into the heart of every one, for it was regarded as a presage of some direful calamity. It departed, however, leaving people more frightened than they were hurt, and once more left us, as it hurried away on its grand march into space. In 1264 a comet again appeared, which, *unlike Hamlet's father, did a tail unfold*, covering more than half the sky, or about one hundred degrees. This comet disappeared on the 2d of October, 1264, and the same night Pope Urban IV. died. Well, this

one went like its predecessor, leaving people frightened, and (they thought) a little hurt, for it was supposed then that this celestial visitor had come from the limitless regions of the universe, through millions on millions of miles, merely to herald the old Pope's death. In 1556 another comet was seen, with not near so much caudal appendage, but it came like "Old Tom Noddy, all head and no body." The tail was only four degrees long, but the head was very large and of a fiery red. This comet showed its rubicund visage for a short time, and, after scaring Charles V. from his throne, off it pitched, streaming into space. A rough estimate of the elements of the august visitor of 1264 being found to coincide pretty nearly with those of the red-headed visitor of 1556, it was supposed that these two were identical, and the same also as the comet of 975. Now, having found its period, it was calculated that the dreaded visitor (whose room was so much better than his company) would come again, on a flying visit, within two years of 1858. And as Dr. Cummings has decreed that the world will end on the 13th of June, some are beginning to think that this old comet is going to stop our career, by incontinently pitching into us right and left, and smashing the world into an infinitude of asteroids. The French people are, *of course*, in great excitement, and very many, no doubt, will be extremely disappointed if, on the 14th of June, the earth is not knocked into an immense, ridiculous cocked hat. But astronomers have calculated that there are about one hundred and ninety-nine million chances to one in our favor; that is, that our

pitcher (metaphorically speaking) may go to the well at least one hundred and ninety-nine million times without being broken. These comets, large as they appear to us, are to the vast universe but as the little insects sporting around us, compared to the world which contains them. They are, too, Professor Pierce says, mere visible nothings. It is supposed that were the earth to encounter a comet's tail, no particle of the matter in its composition would ever reach the earth, but as soon as it came in contact with the atmosphere, would ignite and present an exhibition of fireworks such as the world has never seen. The head, then, is the only dangerous part; and it is said that if one of these old hard-headed monsters were to butt the world in the short-ribs, it would play thunder generally. But it is opposed to this, that the size and weight of the comet are so small, in comparison with the earth, that there would be no greater shock given it than were a fly to alight on an elephant's back. Moreover, "No one shall know when the Son of man cometh." So don't let Dr. Cummings or the comet scare you, but on its first appearance hail it as a grand celestial visitor; shake your fist at it and say: Shake not your fiery tail, and try to scare me, for you can't *come-it*.

RAINBOWS.

"THIS is not a free country, for we are *rained* over," said "Ruby" to a most beautiful lady, as, amid the rain-drops which fell thick and fast, they descended

from Kinsler's Hall, after the closing scenes of a commencement-ball, and sought the always-on-such-occasions-hard-to-find carriage. As John Phoenix says, "the lady only remarked, 'te-hee,'" a low, sweet sound of mirth, as the tinkling which a brooklet makes when rolling over shining pebbles. L——, who happened to be a little in front, overheard the remark, and loudly soliloquized, "I suppose you are a rain beau, then." "Ruby" faintly ejaculated, "Gosh!" and thenceforth held his peace. But this is not one of the rainbows upon which we intend to make our homily this time.

"When you go in to get soda-water, next, be sure and ask for 'a rainbow,' which is a newly-invented and most 'delightfully-flavored syrup.'" Thus spoke "Ruby" to three youthful females who, enveloped in clouds of white and pink and blue muslin, and fluttering with ribbons of every hue imaginable or inconceivable, and resembling rainbows, were preparing for their usual evening promenade. Now, be it known that the aforesaid "rainbow" is a delectable compound, composed of strawberry-juice, cream, soda-water, and brandy, with a strong accent on the brandy. Well, having laid his train, "Ruby" went in hot haste to the "shotecary pop," to witness the explosion of the mine, (having summoned Quam Durus to behold the scene,) and commenced examining soaps, razors, perfumes, and almost every thing else in the store, as an excuse for waiting. Not long, however, did he have to wait, before the three modern graces came in, rustling with muslin and beaming with smiles; and proceeding to the soda-fountain, one, a dainty, fair-haired, rosy-

cheeked, ruby-lipped, next-thing-to-an-angel, unfolded the sweetest little rosebud of a mouth, and asked for a "rainbow." The astonished clerk looked aghast, also inquiringly, as if he had not distinctly heard; and then another rosebud opened and repeated the demand, while a third was heard faintly to ejaculate, "bow." Looking over to "Ruby," the young man received a wink so full of the most intense significance, that his eyes were opened spiritually as wide as they had been before physically; and with a sweet smile, indicative of appreciation, he concocted the beverage. To have seen the expressions of surprise, horror, and disgust, which in rapid succession contorted those hitherto most serene and lovely features, would have been, to some men that I *wot* of, sufficient compensation for having lived, and good cause for the chanting of *Nunc*, etc. (I hope J. W. K. will not grab me for this.) Turning about, their eyes were directed Ruby-ward, and that young man received such looks as he never would voluntarily experience again, though the riches of earth's treasures were offered as the bribe. He was borne off in a collapsed condition by *Quam Durus*, and nothing was heard from him more, except a gurgling, rattling noise, as if he were endeavoring to invoke his favorite, familiar "Gosh."

But these are not the rainbows of which I intended to write to-day. I mean by rainbow, one of those prismatic, heaven-spanning signs of promise, gleaming forth from clouds and beaming through raindrops; material representation of the light from heaven; the spiritual rainbow, reflecting the rays of God's glory

and glowing with radiance caught from the "Great White Throne," and beaming on sorrow's clouds and gleaming through teardrops; the signal of hope, the sign of promise, lighting the gloom of the poor grief-laden, way-worn wanderer of earth. After the rain, the other evening, while a thick dark cloud hung like a funeral pall over the east, and a gloom covered the whole sky, suddenly the sun, just before setting, broke through the envelope of mists in the west in all his golden glory, and just as suddenly a beautiful rainbow, standing out in fine relief from its dark background of clouds, overarched the eastern sky. There was crimson, orange, yellow, green, blue, purple, violet, indigo, lavender, and I don't know but you might have discovered chocolate, ashes of roses, and moire antique. (I am not so sure as to this last being a color; anyhow, it is some part of a lady's vocabulary when she talks of dress.) And while I gazed upon the lovely scene, completely enraptured at the sight of its innumerable beauties, my thoughts recurred to other days. I had been told by my nurse (among other marvellous fictions with which she regaled my youth, and all of which I firmly believed) that at the end of the rainbow there was always a bag of gold, which would bountifully reward the labors of him who was lucky enough to discover the treasure. So one day, after a shower which had sweetly cooled the summer air, and left myriads of diamonds sparkling amid the grass-blades, a very diminutive Ruby might have been seen toddling off towards the neighboring forest, as fast as two very chubby, knock-kneed legs could carry his

dummy corporosity. The watchful and venturous young one had escaped from the supervision of his Ceberus, (or Cebera, as it was a female,) and, accompanied by an African of about the same size and age, with the lust for gold swelling his little heart, was setting forth to seek the bag of gold, which he was confident was attached to the end of a magnificent rainbow which was then adorning the heavens, and whose termination he was equally confident was to be found in the woods about half a mile from his home. On and on he went, penetrating deeper and deeper into the dark forest, but the farther he went, the farther off seemed the rainbow, until finally it entirely disappeared; and wearied and frightened and sadly disappointed, the poor child threw himself upon the ground, grieving bitterly at the frustration of his first hopes, the destruction of his first air-castle. After a long search, he and his sable companion were found, both sleeping sweetly beneath an overhanging dogwood tree, and were conveyed home, where they had been most anxiously awaited and expected.

It has not been twenty years since then, and yet the same Ruby, in some things, as then, a very child, in other things, alas! too old, has seen many as bright-hued visions as the first all grow pale and fade away. He has seen as radiant rainbows of hope, with as gorgeous dyes, and with the same promises of a bag of gold at the end, which treasure he has been as confident of securing; but when he has striven to reach the end and obtain the prize, the farther he has gone, the farther off has seemed the rainbow, until it has

faded quite away and left him wearied and sorrowing for the hours lost in the search for an *ignis fatuus*. And twenty years from now (if he live so long) he will look back, and then, as now, find that he has sought for fast-fading treasures, promised by equally as intangible rainbows.

And so we go on from youth to age, seeking for bags of gold at the ends of rainbows, and at the end of life find that we have pursued phantoms, and, when it is too late, we bitterly bewail a misspent existence.

“RUBY” ON GLOVES.

GLOVES are good things. This by way of text. Now for the expounding. From the earliest ages they have been used by all classes of men for various purposes, but I believe that all commentators and antiquaries and scholiasts are agreed that their principal use is to keep the hands warm. The deceiving Jacob was the first person who wore kid gloves, and since his time many fair and gay deceivers have adopted his fashion. Throwing down the glove was, in ancient times, equivalent to a defiance to mortal combat. As the glove was made of steel, it has been thought by many that the challenger would have acted more wisely by throwing it *at* his adversary, and thus securing the desired combat, and at the same time the advantage of the first blow. It may not be generally known that gloves have been used as writing materials, but it is

recorded that when some Maxwell or other was besieged in some castle or other, and was getting very tired of his diet of old boots and rats, he contrived to get a message to Sir William Wallace, acquainting him of his danger. That gallant hero being in the trenches before another castle, and ready to begin the assault, took his dagger and engraved on his brass gauntlet, "*Revizescio—God is with us,*" and dispatched it by mail, i. e., a warrior clad in armor, to the suffering Maxwell. Whether the Maxwell took courage, or whether the English took him, I do not distinctly remember.

But there is another point of view in which gloves may be considered. Take a glove, cut off the g; what is left but *love*? Take a glove, cut off the fingers; what do you make but a mitten? So gloves may be considered with reference to their connection with love and courtship, but not with marriage. Now I can conceive of no more delicate yet invaluable gift from a fair lady to a gentleman, than one of her gloves. There should be to the favored recipient nothing but her, dearer or better. It brings her, as it were, near him, though she be afar off; for when he has that memento of her, that little glove, still bearing the shape of the beautiful hand which it at once shielded and adorned, with all the curious and intricate network of lines which nature's most delicate brush has pencilled, his imagination recalls the hand, and the arm, and the polished shoulders, and the slender neck, and the fair white breast, and the rounded form, so lithe and graceful in all its proportions, until a glorious image dwells

within the brightest chambers of fancy's palace, and he sees her, the queen of his soul, in all her radiant loveliness, as when beneath the starlit sky she said, in softest tones, "Remember me with this." Brave knights have gone into the battle with their lady's glove upon their helmets, and under this alone as their crest, and animated by the smiles of its fair donor, have fought and died to prove her fairest of the fair in all the land. And should I ever be called to join in the conflicts of war, my country's glory and my lady's love would be the greatest incentives to exertion, and in their defence would death be welcome, and I would pray that my last look might be raised to our country's flag, and last kiss might be pressed upon my lady's glove.

Yes; cut off the g from glove, and you have love. But when you cut the fingers from a glove—beware, O young man, how you attempt it!—you make a mitten; and however pleasant it may be to receive the whole glove, and however much you may regard it as the evidence of the lady's favor, it is a different thing when you are the unhappy recipient of the dismembered trunk.

The phrase, "giving the mitten," took its rise after this wise. Clotilda, thirteenth daughter of Sigismund Bosphagus, was importuned by Dontuwish Umagetit, a Russian, who had by chance found his way to her father's kingdom, and on account of some valorous deeds had been knighted, that he might claim her as his lady-love, and wear her colors and gain her hand. Now D. was hard-favored, having had the lower part

of his ears bitten off by the frost, which had also conferred upon him a most curious expression of his nose. His eyes were crossed in different directions, while a sabre-scar had made a hole in his cheek, through which his teeth were very visible. These various disfigurements, of course, were not very valuable adjuncts to his suit, and his manners were rough and coarse, having been more accustomed to the society of rude men at arms in drinking-booths than to the more refined manners suitable to a lady's bower. But worse than this, than these, than all, she loved the gentle minstrel, Guillaume de Gantblanc. Now Clotilda feared to give him an abrupt refusal, lest she might enrage her father, and provoke him to send her to a nunnery to pine away and die, and commit Guillaume to a monkery, or worse; so she contrived an expedient (as any other woman could and would have done in like circumstances) whereby she might free herself from her odious lover, and yet not incur her father's displeasure. She gave the knight a golden snuff-box, telling him that it contained her riding-glove, and when he brought her that glove filled with sand from the shores of the Jordan, she would marry him. The knight started off overjoyed, thinking that in a few months he might be the proud lord of the loveliest lady in the land. He passed through many toils, dangers, and wanderings, until he reached the shores of the sacred stream. Not waiting a moment for repose, he rushed to the shore, scraped up the sand, drew the box from his bosom, where it had been carefully kept, opened the clasp, drew forth the glove, and—found it

a mitten. Overcome with chagrin and rage, he plunged into the waves, and his corpse was carried to its proper place, the Dead Sea.

Women have not changed much since that day, and their artifices are as many and as ingenious as then, as many a man has found to his cost. Then *O! puer gracilis ingenueque*, be warned in time, and let the warning make you cautious, lest some time after long and anxious loving, after sunset rides and moonlight walks, after serenades and presented bouquets of rarest flowers; after hand-pressings and heart throbbings, and after sweetest smiles and softest whisperings, when you proudly and gladly felicitate yourself upon having gained the priceless boon of your lady's love, and rejoice in the possession of the great treasure of your lady's heart, O, beware, lest when you go to kiss the glove, you find it the mitten!

We have considered gloves with the g cut off, in their relation to love, and gloves with the fingers cut off in their relation to courtship; and this is as far as we can; for when we come to marriage, we have done with gloves. Then a man has the hand, and, of course, is done with the glove. Then all the sentiment which belonged to the hand when covered in its glove, is lost in the possession of the naked reality. Yes, marriage disperses the romance of love; but as I have not yet arrived at that settled, real condition, it must be pardoned me if I indulge largely in the romance; and I'll tell you about some gloves that lie here before me, taken from my desk this cold Saturday evening, when, my week's work being finished, I am at liberty to re-

tire within myself and visit the realms of memory, borne in the car of revery. Here are a pair which were once as white as the snow on Zembla's shore, but now they are growing dingy and yellow, for I have kept them long. Faintly to be seen, is traced upon them, "6½, Alexandre." How well do I remember the evening when, by a half-given, half-refused consent, they became my prize. The gay and lovely of the elite of C—— were there collected; but among them all, she who gave them was the peerless queen. And in them there is a talismanic influence; for when I look upon them, I think of her whose soul is purity itself, and from whose lustrous eyes beam forth the rays of truth's lamp, which burns brightly in her heart of hearts; and while her image is before me, all wrong thoughts and evil actions and deceiving tempters are driven away. But let us place them away carefully, as we would relics in a shrine, for to me they are sacred, and take up others.

Ah! here is one, 6½, with a delicate fringe around the wrist, made of rich lace. This carries me back to a crowded hall, and shining lights, and perfumed air, and flashing diamonds, and swelling music, and voluptuous waltzes. O, it was a gay scene! There were lords and ladies there in the rich garb of other days. There were fairies there, and fair sultanas, and fast flew the hours on hastening wings. But fairies were not more fair, sultanas were not more lovely, than was the white-robed maiden who gave me this remembrancer. But, alas! she is another's now; and so into the fire it goes, for I have no right to keep it

now ; for the hand is another's ; why should I cherish the glove ?

See ! here is one, a $6\frac{1}{4}$, a little torn, and thus it happened : There had been a large party, and at its close "Ruby" had the great privilege of escorting one of the belles of the evening to her home. As they proceeded, the cunning youth commenced speaking of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and his walk with the Schoolmistress, where the "Autocrat" asks her to take the long path with him. Just as he got to this part of the story, they came to a corner, by turning which the path would be shortened ; then, "Ruby" bending low, whispered, "Will you take the long path with me ?" The maiden softly answered, "Ask my pa." Whether he did or not, deponent saith not. The glove is supposed to have been torn in her excessive agitation.

But here is a yellow glove, the smallest of them all ; so small that the manufacturer would not mark it, fearing lest his veracity might be doubted. And this the little beauty from the South once threw at me, when I asked for it. I threw it back at her, but when she wasn't looking, picked it up again ; and if she were to throw herself at me, I would——well, never mind what I would do.

But last of all is this one, beautifully white, for it is not yet old ; and here is well delineated all that network of lines of the hand, of which I have before spoken.

Now listen to "Ruby," the gipsy, telling fortunes. This line betokens that she will have pleasure for a

short season, but sorrow and disappointment will soon follow. This line shows that she is fickle and changeable as the wind. This line shows that she is vain, and too eager for admiration. All these lines joining show that she is a coquette and a flirt, and that her pleasures will be shortlived, and be succeeded by a cheerless old age, rendered sorrowful and gloomy by reason of disappointment. But there is a jewel which some one will give her, if she will only receive it, and this, with its *ruby*-light, will dispel all the clouds which now darken her destiny. There, the fortune is told; the oracle ceases.

You may ask if I have *mittens* preserved. I make it a rule never to answer impertinent questions, and what I have or have not "is nothin' to nobody." And now we will close this dissertation by repeating and singing (if you please) the following lame lines about

THE LITTLE WHITE GLOVE.

There's a little white glove
Which I wear next my heart;
And diamonds could never
Induce me to part
With this little white glove,
Which belongs to my Love.

'Tis the little white glove
Of the queen of my soul;
And of a hard race,
With her love as the goal,
Tells this little white glove,
Which belongs to my Love.

Now this little white glove
 Bears the form of a hand;
 'T is the hand of the fairest
 And best in the land;
 Yes, this little white glove,
 Which belongs to my Love.

And could I but call
 That little hand mine,
 Death only could make me
 Prepare to resign
 That hand, and this glove,
 Which belongs to my Love.

‘‘R U B Y’’ A T S C H O O L .

WELL, well!

“Nunquam homini satis
 Cautum est in horas;”

and here Ruby goes, limping and hobbling, even as a lame goose or a paralytic duck, a muscovy, for instance; not one of those curly-tailed, green-and-gold-necked fellows who are so kindly and pressingly invited to offer themselves as voluntary sacrificial victims to the Lares and Penates of the kitchen hearth, in the famous song,

“Dilly, dilly duck, come and be killed.”

No; he is not one of that kind, though he came very near going and being killed; and if Amelia Jane *will*

call him her duck, it must be her lame duck. You see his steed is a very spirited "enimel," having a great many natural and *stud-ied* graces; and last Sunday said steed, being anxious to get away from "meetin'," jumped off before Ruby could jump on, and the consequence was,

One leg was in the stirrup placed,
And one gyrating wildly;
(*Lord Ullin's Daughter modified;*)

until with one mighty effort the horse cleared a large log, but Ruby did n't. A small "snag" upon said log, being of an inquisitive turn, insinuated itself beneath his ribs; and so Ruby was thrown *horse du combat*, and has a little leisure to write to the Enquirer, and *enquire'er* how she feels since the conclusion of that *Star-tale-ing* story. One great comfort to him in his affliction is, that the schoolboys will have cause for rejoicing, and verify the old proverb, that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." If there be any one curious on the subject of rainbows, he may call upon Ruby, who will completely gratify his curiosity by exhibiting in "*propria persona*" all the prismatic colors, and a great many others, which Sir Isaac Newton never dreamed of.

Did you know that Ruby had become a saint? It's a fact, strange as it may seem. Now he was not *canon-ized*, like St. George Washington was at the battle of Princeton, nor yet by any Pontifical bull, though he came very near being exalted on the horns of neighbor Jackson's bull. I do not think that his relics are re-

vered with any particular veneration, except by the crows, who religiously avoid approaching the corn, where his old coat, elevated on a pole, flutters its ragged tails protectingly. The only miracle he has performed was to borrow a quarter from the Thug, who had never before been known to lend a dime, or even to have one to lend. Nevertheless, he has been translated—not to heaven, by any manner of means—but to dwell among the St. Andrews, and St. Helenas, and St. Georges, and St. Lukes, and St. Bartholomews, and St. James Goose Creeks, and all the rest. Yes; he is “one of them Parishers,” as he heard an up-country brother remark; and he is at his old vocation—instructing youth in the science of nitro-sulphuric projectiles; in other words, teaching the young idea how to shoot; an occupation admirably adapted to sweeten the temper and develop the quality of patience, but one not very strongly spiced with variety. And here his time is occupied in reading, writing, teaching, and *learning*. Of course he eats and sleeps sometimes, not being exempt from all mortal weaknesses; but he performs these acts more from respect to the customs and opinions of society than from necessity.

He is teaching a little and learning much. Nature is his kind instructress, and he reads in her great book, a gorgeously-illuminated volume whose every page is enriched with most beautiful illustrations. He sees a dewdrop, and, reasoning as to its origin, infers the whole theory of vaporization. He sees the little shining drop resting on the grass, like a diamond

dropped by an empress on the green velvet carpet of her throne. As the sun rises, the dew dissolves and floats away to the heavens on the viewless wings of a sunbeam. There the vapor from myriads of dewdrops, and from oceans and seas and rivers and lakes, floats along in pearly clouds, until their weight increasing by means of condensation, they feel the attraction of gravitation. Then first a little watery particle breaks loose and commences its descent; as it hurries down, its cooling influence condenses others, which hasten to join it, and, cohering together, form a sparkling sphere, which reaches the earth a beautiful raindrop, the harbinger of a refreshing shower. Having performed its earthly mission, it again is drawn to the skies, and the process goes on *ad infinitum*. And the little globe glistening on the violet's breast may have been borne up from Capernaum's sea, or may once, a floating snowflake, have rested on the crown of the monarch of mountains.

He looks forth when night has overspread her star-jewelled veil, and sees the moon obedient to the great law of gravitation, revolving around the earth, which, with its sister planets and their satellites, performs its course around the sun, who, with his brother suns and their planetary systems, is journeying on, marching in the grand procession around some central source where the Great Magnet is placed, where the Source of all attraction is centred. And here his reason and imagination fail him, and his mind, after its farthest reach, sinks back upon itself wearied; and overcome with the awful grandeur of even the conception of the Great

First Cause, he bows his head and veils his eyes and cries: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

And sometimes Ruby walks through the solemn forests—nature's sanctuary—where the long-leaved pines rear their tall and graceful stems and interweave their spreading branches, forming emerald arches overhead, and making aisles and columns and architraves and domes finer and grander than Michael the Angel* ever reared. There he hears the music of the wind-harp, sighing and sougning through the trees, more glorious far than any organ's notes, pealing through minster's fretted vaults.

Yes, he studies earnestly in nature's book, and prays to learn to "look through nature up to nature's God." And he learns much; for he has learned how little he knows, and has been taught to

"Wait the great Teacher, Death, and God adore."

SIGHT-SEEING.

As I have conscientious scruples about attending all manner of theatrical exhibitions, and shows of a like character, and am therefore deprived of much sight-seeing, it was with particularly pleasant emotions that I perused the tasteful handbill which during the last week was placed in my hands, which bill announced, "A grand exhibition of Illuminated Paintings, com-

* Michael Angelo: Anglice, Michael the Angel.

prising over one hundred different views, unparalleled in beauty and coloring." These beautiful works of art, "exceeding in merit any the world has ever beheld," were to be exhibited at Temperance Hall, June 27, 1857, and for that night only. Thinking it too good a chance of seeing a little pious pleasure to be lightly passed over, I forthwith assailed Mr. G. with a request (he calls it a command) that he would take me and at least seventeen of our nineteen children (all of them girls, and the dearest, sweetest creatures in the world; Jane, for instance, is qualified in every respect to make any man happy; but I fear lest my maternal pride may carry me away so I cannot, as I would like, describe them all; but there is Carry—well, never mind)—to see the show. Mr. G., as usual, (the horrid, stingy brute,) objected, saying that it would cost about six dollars, and that he did not think it would pay. Then I showed him the programme, and told him Mr. Fifer said that the pictures were to be illuminated by the light of other days. I also presented to him in a forcible manner the great benefits which the children would receive by having the scenes from scriptural history impressed upon their minds by the means of the illuminated paintings, exceeding in merit any the world has ever beheld. I told him that our minister approved of the exhibition, and wound up by giving him a piece of my mind concerning laziness, meanness, and general neglect of family. This had the effect of extorting from him a promise to take us; and as we hurried off to fix, I heard him muttering, "Any thing for peace."

Well, we went to Temperance Hall, where we found every thing in darkness. After waiting a while, a curtain was drawn, and we beheld a ground plan of Jerusalem, which was beautiful. Mr. Fifer said that the artist "had run it into the ground." I didn't know what he meant, but suppose that it was a complimentary expression. Then came a western view of the city—Mr. Fifer said it was painted by a Hoosier—then an eastern view; then a "familiar view;" then Jehoshaphat. Mr. Fifer exclaimed, "Great Jehoshaphat!" Then the three Pools of Solomon. Mr. F. said that they had larger pools at the great race, last week, in New York. And last of this division of illuminated painting came Jordan, with most beautiful scenery on the banks. It did look very cool and nice. Mr. F. said if it was a good picture Jordan *must* be a hard road to travel. When the polite and gentlemanly lecturer called our attention to Adam and Eve, driven forth from Paradise in fig leaves, one gentleman said that they looked like they had been out a long time. Mr. Fifer said that if Paradise looked like that, it would not take much driving to get him out. *I* did not look at this scene. After this, we saw Abraham offering Isaac, and a very vicious-looking ram in the background. Mr. X. asked Mr. Fifer if it was a hydraulic ram. Mr. F. responded, "Yes; as it is drawn in water-colors." Then came Rebecca at the well, the well looking any thing but well; likewise Rebecca. Next we saw a picture of "Joseph sold into Egypt." This was so admirably depicted as to draw tears from eleven of my darlings. I know this, be-

cause the holes were in their frocks when we got home. Mr. Fifer said Joseph wasn't the only person there who was *sold*. Then came the return of the spies, who had a very nice bunch of grapes, considering. Mr. F. persisted in telling Jane their names were Jericho and Deuteronomy. Then came the Brazen Serpent. Mr. F. said that a young woman who was looking up to it looked a great deal more brazen than the snake. Then came "Balaam and his ass." Mr. F. remarked that the original of the picture of the animal was engaged to go around with the exhibition as lecturer. Then came a most awful scene of the slaying of Goliath by David. It was a very hard fight indeed. Goliath seemed to die hard. And there was the beautiful young David, sitting on him and gouging him with his left hand, while his right hand was engaged in pounding him most lustily. And next we saw David dancing before the ark. Mr. F. said that he was dancing the Grape-Vine Twist. I do not think this picture was at all correct, as the ark here was not a bit like Noah's, which was shown to us afterwards, with all the animals going in just as easy and natural as can be. When I saw the cow, I could not help thinking of our Pidy, which gives fourteen quarts a day of the nicest milk you ever saw. But I must hurry on, so as to complete my talk. We saw the Rhine, with the gondolas floating serenely upon its surface. Mr. Fifer said that "that Rhine ought to be peeled off the canvas." We saw—Moses knows what all! There was an Inebriate's Progress, and an Avalanche, but as I could

not distinguish the one from the other, I am unable to describe them.

After the scenes promised in the programme were all exhausted, the gentlemanly and obliging proprietor very generously and kindly proposed to exhibit others for our gratification, and this was to be done gratuitously. He then showed us some highly comic performances, consisting of depicted nightmares, and flexible noses, built upon the extension plan, all concluding with a grand patriotic picture representing the Father of his Country, looking very much ashamed of being in such disreputable company. We all left very much delighted, having been greatly benefitted, I hope. If he comes again, I mean the showman, I will go and take the other two.

Yours, much delightedly,

MRS. PLACIDIA GAMMON.

P. S.—Mr. Fifer says that he is happy too, for he gave the show-fellow a three-dollar counterfeit bill, which had been for a long time impassable, and so got paid two dollars and a half for going.

MRS. P. G.

HOW "RUBY" CAUGHT HER.

MY friend Jack and I went to the opera. Now, when Jack goes to any such place, he goes because it's "the thing" to go there. He can't tell the Drinking Song in Lucrezia from the Dead March in Saul. Nevertheless, he goes. I don't believe that he knows the

difference between Yankee Doodle and Old Hundred. Nevertheless, he goes to every opera, and concert, and matinee *musicale*; and as it is "the thing," is a great connoisseur. He has picked up a few technical terms, and can converse very learnedly about sopranos and baritones, and basso profundos, and arias, and trios, and all that sort o' thing. He always goes to the opera in a dress coat, with an irreproachable and unapproachable neck-tie, and immaculate gloves. And as to lorgnettes—if you could only see Jack's—well, he would as soon go to sea without a boat as to go to the opera without his lorgnettes. Jack has a hat—a most miraculous tile it is—which he keeps expressly for such occasions, and calls his opera hat. We came very near fighting once because I wore it on a fishing excursion. It is made with springs, so that, being pressed on the crown, it collapses in a very startling manner. Now, "Ruby" being an indigent Bohemian, is glad to get to the opera under any circumstances. He wears a dress coat, if he has one; if not, he pins up the tails of his frock coat, so as to come the swallow-tail dodge. He wears one light-colored glove, carrying the other negligently in his hand—thus making a pair of gloves go twice as far as they would if both were worn at the same time. His old black velvet cap serves him for opera hat, smoking cap, hunting cap, and dress hat. When he wishes to use a lorgnette, he doubles his fist and squints through the cavity.

Well, as I said before, my friend Jack and I went to the opera—he with his "Gibbous," and I with my old velvet. There were no private boxes, or stage-boxes,

or any thing of the sort; for it was not a regular opera house, but a hall used for all public exhibitions. The seats were arm-chairs, placed in rows, twenty in a row, and near together. We had not been seated long before the overture commenced, and the seats were rapidly filled. There came into the row immediately behind us a party of ladies escorted by one gentleman. After they took their seats, I noticed that Jack reconnoitered the house generally, and the party in our rear particularly, through his lorgnette. I proceeded to do likewise through my fist. For this proceeding Jack reproved me, and the lady immediately behind giggled at me. I noticed that she was black-haired, bright-eyed, and beautiful; and seemed, withal, merry and mischievous.

Well, the curtain rose, and *Il Trovatore* commenced. I listened a while, but soon grew tired; for the music was poor, the singing was bad, the acting was execrable, and the scenery contemptible. I was leaning with my arm hanging down over the back of my chair, holding my old cap in my hand, almost touching the floor. I felt something tugging at my cap. I raised it a little, and the pulling stopped. Directly I felt it again. I looked down and saw a beautiful ankle in a flesh-colored silk stocking; and said ankle was working vigorously. Its upper extension was hidden under a cloud of points and lace, and I don't know what all else; and its lower continuation was buried in my cap. Thinks I to myself, thinks I, "Aha! you're caught, are you, and nicely too!" With a very stolid and interested look, I kept my eyes fixed on the stage, until I

felt the tugging going on again; and then, with a sudden clamp, I closed the cap together and caught the little foot as nicely as ever a mouse-trap did a mouse.

I heard a half-uttered "Oh!" behind me, but did not move my eyes from the stage. Directly I began to raise my arm, still holding tight to the cap. I thought I heard a titter, and looking around, as if disturbed by the noise, saw the owner of my little prisoner with her face buried in her handkerchief, and laughing most violently. Thinks I to myself, thinks I, "You're a good 'un;" so I lowered my arm and looked again toward the stage. Every now and then I would feel a strenuous tug, but I only had to raise my arm and all was still; but I could feel the little foot trembling like a captured bird. While they were preparing for the ballet, I asked my friend Jack, who had all the time sat bolt upright, fearing to rumple his collar or disarrange his black hair, and staring intently through his glasses, who the lady was who sat just behind me. "Aw, she's a Madame Leoline V., a rich young widow, a creole from New Orleans." Making this response, my friend Jack once more betook himself to his opera-glass. From the way I held my cap, my hand would occasionally touch that round, slim ankle, and I would feel a thrill responsive to the one which would shoot through my whole nervous system. There was such an overflowing abundance of crinoline, and silk, and muslin, and all that sort o' thing, that all this interesting by-play was entirely unknown and unseen by any one, except the two actors engaged in it. When the ballet girls came on the stage, there was the usual libe-

ral display of arms and feet, and ankles, and *ankles continued*; but none were beautiful or attractive enough to draw off my attention from my little prisoner. I had rested my cap on the lowest bar of my chair, so that the imprisonment would not prove painful, however irksome it might be; and it seemed as if the captive had become resigned to its fate, for the struggles ceased. My friend Jack turned to me as the ballet concluded with an overwhelming pirouette on the part of the favorite danseuse. “—foine! beautiful foot that, eh?” I answered, “Supple-ended.” This satisfied Jack, and he resumed his lorgnette.

When the opera closed, I sat very quietly. Directly I felt a most vigorous pull. I sat motionless. Soon I felt a warm breath on my cheek, and heard a whisper in my ear: “If you’re done with my foot, I’d like to have it.” “What will you give for it?” said I. “My card,” was the answer. Upon this I nodded and opened the cap; but notwithstanding all her efforts, the foot could not get loose. I assisted. I found that the heel of the slipper had got fastened in the torn lining of the old cap. After some delay, I released it, and for a moment it lay motionless in my hand. And such a foot! O, Titania! thine must have been broader. O, Cinderella! thine must have been longer. In my wildest dreams of beauty I never had imagined such a foot. The daughter of the Celestial Emperor, the brother of the sun, the cousin of the moon, and the uncle of the stars, never had a smaller foot; and nobody under the sun ever had one of finer form. It was delicately curved and arched at the instep, and

gleamed like pearl beneath rose-colored waters through the open work of the stocking. And think of it!—think of it!—picture it! The slipper—the casket which enshrined this pearl—was of purple velvet. As I yielded up the treasure, she laughed merrily at my astounded expression, for really I was completely overcome. I had heard of *multum in parvo*, and here was its realization. According to bargain, she gave me her card inscribed with her name and address. As she went out, I heard a lady inquire, “Who is your friend who picked up your handkerchief?” “An old Saratoga beau,” was the reply; and they departed.

Did I ever see her again? Ha, ha, ha! whoopee! Come to see me, and among my treasures, carefully wrapped up in an old white silk cravat, I’ll show you a *purple velvet slipper*, lined with amber-colored satin. The little ras—vixen, I mean—gave me that slipper. Eheu! “Ruby” caught a Tartar.

RECORDOR, REMINISCOR, ET OBLIVISCOR.

MIDDLETOWN, in Connecticut, used to be a lovely little town, and were it not situated north of Mason and Dixon’s line, I should like to live there; that is, if in sixteen years it has not grown into a great noisy city. As I was quite young when there, of course I cannot recollect much about its trade, or manufactures, or population, or “any thing like that.” If you wish

statistics, go to the census returns—I'm no census-taker. But I do remember the cherries. I think there were four thousand nine hundred and twenty three trees, averaging nearly two hundred and thirty-four thousand five hundred and sixty seven and eight-ninths cherries per tree, making the sum total of cherries about—a very large number.

Then there was Dr. Olin, the President of the University. My recollection of him is that he was immense. I remember looking up to his face with the same effort as it would now require to look upon the summit of a pyramid. I thought him taller than a cherry tree. Well, there was the Wesleyan University, filled with a set of thin-legged, narrow-chested abolitionists. I wish I had had my present size then. They would be always hunting up the little Southerner and questioning him, and poking fun at him. Well, there is one consolation, they heard some large stories.

Where there were not cherries and students, and rosy checked *helps*, (as they called the serving maids,) and Millerites, there were currants. They were at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and between times. Cherries, currants, mutton, and Irish potatoes, are the only things I remember eating while at Middletown, except perhaps a few gooseberries and some green apples—stolen, of course.

I began the study of Smith's Grammar at Middletown. I bought it of Smith the bookseller, who lived next door to Smith the tanner, two doors below Smith the silversmith, and opposite to Smith the blacksmith. After pegging away at old Lindley Murray, it was like step-

ping from a rough bog upon a smooth causeway, to get into Smith's.

I think they had some sloops at Middletown, and an occasional steamboat. The persons I best remember, are old Dr. Laban Clarke, a Methodist minister with whom I boarded, who used to smoke clay pipes, which I stole from him to blow soap-bubbles with, and was a good, kind, old gentleman, and sometimes worked on his farm and sometimes preached. (Remarkable sentence, that last one.) Then there was his wife, who sometimes knitted, and sometimes made pies, and occasionally scolded the old Doctor, Mary, and me. Mary was the *help*. She did every thing. She was astonishing. She was superhuman. Like the ignorance and credulity of the present age, she was amazing. Mary would arrange the house, cook our meals, wash our clothes, and then be neat and clean and rosy and smiling when evening came; ready to sit down to tea with us, and then to promenade or visit the neighbors until dark. I used to think her beautiful. Such rose-red cheeks, and such plump, round arms; and she was very kind to "the little trafficker in human flesh and blood"—"the little nigger-driver," as some used to call me; "the little Southern gentleman," as *she* called me. There was much affection between Mary and me—Platonic, of course; for she was nearly three times as old as I was. Middletown went strong for Polk and Dallas, I suppose, for the people made a great deal of noise about them. There, again, I was opposed to all my acquaintances; for though very little and very young, I knew that Hon. William C. Preston was a

great friend of Mr. Clay, and that was enough for me. I had met "Harry of the West" at Col. Preston's house, and he had patted me on the head, and so I became an out-and-out Whig, and knew as much what my principles were as a good many others older and wiser, whom Mr. Clay had made his partisans by (metaphorically) patting their knowledge-boxes. And to this day I am—at least, not a National or Convention Democrat. On the Fourth of July, "a day dear to the heart of every American—a day," and so on, an immense hickory tree was dug up by the roots and hauled into the town by a team of fifty oxen, and planted in the public square, amid great rejoicings, and firing of guns and crackers, in honor of "Young Hickory"—James K. Polk. True to my principles, I didn't fire a cracker; but in a meadow, mounted on a haycock, made an address—a fervid appeal for Clay—to an interested audience of three girls, and a boy, and a dog. Since then, by reason of his compromises and so on, Mr. Clay has not been "so highly esteemed by this honorable court." The court now pronounces him a great orator and skilful juggler.

One day, soon after I went to Middletown, as I was strolling along past a beautiful cottage half hidden by trees and vines, I looked up and saw overhanging the street the finest and largest ox-heart cherries ever beholden. Involuntarily I exclaimed, "Oh, crikey, how I'd like to have some of those cherries!" "Well, you can have some, if you'll come in," said a sweet voice. I never was so completely taken aback but once, and the Senior Editor remembers that time. I had seen

no one, and imagined myself entirely alone. Turning in the direction of the voice, I looked through the garden paling, and there, ah! there was a sight for "sair e'en." The most fairylike little beauty that I ever saw was standing there with her straw hat thrown back to let the sunbeams play among her curls; and with the archest look, and with the sweetest smile wreathing around her rosebud lips, she was evidently enjoying my confusion. She had been stooping down to pluck some violets, and the rose branches and honeysuckle vines had embraced her so lovingly and close, as to conceal her completely. Hearing my exclamation, she had started up and answered me. Well, I went in. She was about my age, may be a little older; and we had a good time. We gathered cherries, and went to the dairy down by the spring and got some nice, cool milk; and sitting under a willow tree on the bright, green grass, we had a glorious feast. By-the-bye, it was my birthday. She told me her name was Pauline, and I informed her as to my cognomen and antecedents. She knew my name already, and where I was from, and all. Who in a week doesn't know every thing about everybody in a New England village? And then I told her about my southern home—about its flowers in spring and fruits in summer. I told her of the wind sighing mournfully among the long-leaf pines, and of the breezes shaking showers of golden bells from the jessamine vines. I told her about the low-drooping moss, and the great white magnolia blossoms, and the crimson trumpet-vine. And then I talked about Bill and 'Manda, my African play-

mates at home; and about my kind nurse, Rosina; and Minerva, the cook and terror of my youth, and all the rest. The hours flew swiftly by, and Mary was soon forgotten: her red-apple cheeks faded into nothing, compared with the peach-down of Pauline's; and even the picture which I had brought with me, painted on my memory, of the little Alice I had left in Carolina, was dimmed for a while. Well, we met frequently afterwards: at church, at home beneath the cherry trees, in the meadow by the river; and it wasn't long before the daguerreotype of Alice had entirely faded. But, as usual in such cases, it was soon replaced by another—the beautiful image of Titania, as I used to call her—for I had read some of Shakspeare even then; and as I remember her now, she was the completest personification of my idea of the Queen of the Fairies that I have ever seen. “Ah! well,” as Thackeray, translating Horace, says, “the fugacious years have passed away, my Postumius.” Pauline may be still on earth, (rather *em-bon-pointish* for a fairy by this time, I suppose,) or she may be an angel in heaven—I know not. But passing years, weight of cares, nor silvered hairs, can ever bring to me forgetfulness of that beautiful dream, (as it now seems,) that sweet love-play of boyhood. And it may be that we will meet again in the land of the hereafter.

THE DESTINY OF THE NATION.

Extract from an Oration delivered at GEORGE'S STATION, in St. George's Parish, S. C., on the 4th of July, 1860.

“Westward the course of Empire takes its way.”

IN Eastern lands there stands a monument. As the traveler, wearied and worn with the toil of the day, nears the end of his journey over vast deserts, and approaches the Nile, he sees, darkly relieved against the sky, in solemn, bare, and awful grandeur, the Pyramid of Cheops. There it was reared while yet the world was young; and there it stands now, that cycles of years have rolled away, and earth's children have crowned her with the spoils of ages. The sands of the desert, driven by the wild sirocco's blast, have dashed against its base; the clouds, borne upon the wings of the tempest, have swept around its sides; the thunders have rolled, and the lightnings have blazed, and the trumpet-tongued voices of the blast have howled around its head; but, undecaying and ever indestructible, it stands as a sign, an awful monitor. The fragments of columns and hieroglyph-sculptured obelisks, and arches and pillars covered with curious carvings, at its base, are the ruins of proud cities and gorgeous palaces, where the powerful king, who reared the stupendous pile, reigned amid scenes of voluptuous beauty and oriental magnificence; was monarch over a hundred tribes, and, ruling with

unquestioned power, was almost worshipped as a god. The arts had been cherished, science had made progress, and all that wealth and power could give combined to make a glorious kingdom. Foreign nations had been conquered, and their tribute was poured into the overflowing coffers of the king. Cities had been sacked, and their rich spoils had been brought to decorate his capital. Tithes of oil, and corn, and wine, from fertile fields and vine-crowned hills, filled his granaries and storehouses. Armies of soldiers, footmen and horsemen, bowmen and slingers, were gathered under his banners, to follow him to war, or to protect his throne from hostile invasion. Oh, it was a grand, a glorious, a magnificent kingdom; and he who ruled it was a grand and glorious king. A waste of ruins, covered by the encroaching sands—a lair for the wolf and a den for the jackal—a handful of dust, soon to be scattered by the whirlwind—these, and these alone, remain of the kingdom and its king: destroyed and forgotten, with no memorial left but the everlasting pyramid to tell posterity their history. The course of empire, which had started on its westward journey first in the far-off east, had flowed on, and the star which ever shines radiantly and gloriously in its front, had rested a while over Egypt; but obeying the impulse given it when first it commenced its motion, the stream had flowed past, and a waste of ruins marked its track. The glory fled from Egypt when the course of empire departed, and even the cloud-splitting pyramid scarce catches the far-off beams of its golden star.

To Europe next the course of empire flowed. Greece

was the seat of liberty; and wherever the spirit of liberty is, in all its purity and vigor, there will the empire ever be. But Greece, proud Greece, famous, classic, glorious Greece, lost that pure spirit of liberty. Patriotism died out or was bartered for foreign gold, and Rome became the conqueror of Greece, whose might all lands had feared, and whose navies rode in triumph over every sea. Then Rome, enthroned upon her seven hills, empress of cities and queen of the world, crowned with the diadems torn from the brows of vanquished princes, became the seat of empire. There liberty dwelt in her sacred temple, and reverently was worshipped. But with conquest came wealth and luxury, and all their enervating consequences. The integrity which had nerved Fabricius to refuse the splendid offers of Pyrrhus, and fearlessly view the strange and terrific beast—the free, bold spirit which had impelled the armies to oppose the might of Hannibal and complete the destruction of Carthage, their proud and hated rival—the adventurous courage which had animated the legions when their eagles floated triumphantly over the dust and din of war and the fallen bodies of Gaul and Gael—this strong, brave spirit was emasculated; and liberty, finding no longer a home, when her altars were defiled by the excesses of tyrants, fled shrieking away, and the star of empire once more resumed its westward course.

The car of empire rolled on, now resting for a season here and for a period there. Germany, France, Sweden—all were visited in their turn. Westward still it kept its way. England next became the seat of

empire. During the age of Elizabeth, no country could equal England; and this might well be called her golden age. The kingdom was at the height of prosperity, being ably and wisely governed by a queen of masculine energy and will, assisted by most efficient counsellors. England was peaceful at home, secure from internal commotions, and her power was feared by all foreign nations. Commerce was flourishing, and every ship which came to port brought the golden spoils of Spanish galleons and the rich produce of Eastern and Western Indies. The Protestant religion was then first established upon that firm basis from which it has never since been shaken. Literature was at the height of its glory, and in its temple William Shakspeare was the great high-priest. The grand old Baron of Verulam, Francis Bacon, was entering on his high career of reforming the systems of human knowledge. The brave Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, led the armies to victory on land; while Francis Drake rode conqueror of the seas. In truth, this was a glorious age, rendered illustrious, as it has been, by the deeds of many a one whose name the world would not willingly let die. And then did the light from the star of empire shine most brightly over England's wide dominion. That light shone for a while, but it has begun to fade. At times it grows more brilliant, only to be succeeded by a faint and uncertain ray. And the car of empire has begun to move. The light beams brightly now, and the car seems resting now, for England is a grand and a glorious nation; but nevertheless, although very slowly,

yet very surely, the car is in motion, and "westward the course of empire takes its way."

Now let me describe a picture that is passing before my mental vision. It is a calm, still night, and the ocean in its placid rest is unruffled, save by the soft summer breeze which plays upon its bosom. Three ships are drifting with the tide, mirrored by the moon in the clear depths of ocean, until the real vessel, with its masts, and sails, and cordage, can scarcely be distinguished from its reflected picture. All is quiet and still. The crew, wearied with toil, have sunk to rest, and none remain on deck, save one—a solitary watcher. Wrapt in his heavy Spanish cloak, he sits and gazes upon the expanse of waters. There is a troubled look upon his face, for he has ventured his all in the quest of a New World; and if the morning shall dawn and the land be undiscovered, he must change his course and retrace his steps, with blighted hopes and blasted fortunes. With anxious gaze he peers through the darkness. As the vessel mounts upon a wave, a faint ray of light comes shining o'er the waters. Ah! bright and glorious is the gleam which lights his features now. With a glad voice he loudly shouts, "Land, ho! the New World is found!" Then sinking upon his knees, Christopher Columbus returns thanks to his God. To the eye of fancy, what light was this but the first beams of the star of empire, as it rose over the Western World? That glorious star, which, first rising then, is mounting steadily up from the horizon now, until, reaching the zenith, it shall stand fixed for ever, and blazon, and beam, and

gloriously glow with eternal light, as a sign and signal of hope and promise—that star which shall be fixed as a beacon-light to tell to the nations of earth where is the empire of the world, and where is reared the grand temple where the spirit of liberty shall for ever be enshrined! Do not all the indications of passing events point to one spot as the central seat of the future empire?

There is a river which moves along grandly, solemnly, awfully, and with irresistible power. Rising among the ice-crowned mountains of the North, it rolls along, bearing navies on its breast, and, disdaining to be restrained between its banks, teeming with the rich produce of the finest lands, until it pours its flood of waters into the great Gulf, where the sun beams down with tropical fierceness upon the broad bayous and fertile savannas of southern regions. Somewhere—I know not where—nor does any other, save the Great God, know; but somewhere in the Mississippi Valley is to be the seat of empire. Are not cities springing up there in a day, as if created by the magician's wand? Is not the wealth of the East pouring thither? Are not the Eastern States being rendered barren, in a measure, by the flow of wealth, and population, and talent toward the West? Is not the farthest East, whence the course of empire began its way, beginning to send tribute? If not, what means all this pomp and parade to receive the Japanese ambassadors, who have left their secluded land to open intercourse with the outside world, and have made their first visit to any foreign power at the capital city of America?

Yes, the old East, the cradle of mankind, whose people, having lost the energetic spirit which liberty always induces, have slumbered long in utter forgetfulness that it ever existed; that old East has suddenly been waked from its sleep of ages by American enterprise, and, recognizing yet the liberty it has lost, comes to the West to revere and adore it. Yes, the East, worn with its weight of years, and trembling in its decrepitude, comes to greet and do reverence to the young and growing West. As in days of yore, when the shepherds watched their flocks in Galilee, and the wise men came from the East, guided by the star which rose in the West, and with its heavenly light shone as a sign of the world's redemption from the fetters and bondage of death and sin, so in our days have wise men come from the East, guided by a star whose radiance, only second to that which rested over Bethlehem, illumines the world with its light, and proclaims to the nations political redemption, and freedom from oppression and tyranny; O! it is a glorious star!—the Star of Empire! One shining point is Justice; another is Strength; a third is Valor; a fourth is Freedom; a fifth is Education; and the sixth is Religion; while the centre, the body, the source whence all these rays do emanate and scintillate, the great light which crowns the whole, is Patriotism and Liberty. Oh, glorious Star of Liberty and Empire!—brighter far than planets, moons, and suns—more radiant than galaxies and nebulae—grandest, and brightest, and best, by far, of all the radiant, starry host of heaven!—eternally shalt thou shine with undimmed and in-

creasing effulgence, guarding and blessing this land of the free!

PATRIOTISM.

Extract from the first Annual Oration before the Alumni Association of WOFFORD COLLEGE, July 10, 1860.

THERE WAS an earthquake once, and Rome had trembled through all her seven hills. The capitol was shaken from its lowest foundation to its highest gilded pinnacle. Proud palaces and gorgeous temples tottered and reeled. Monumental pillars, victory-commemorating obelisks and columns, quivered from the shock; while the strong walls rocked to and fro, and triumphal arches were riven. A yawning chasm opened wide, with fathomless depth, and emitted pestilential vapors in the most crowded thoroughfare of the city, and as its black walls receded, threatened to engulf the forum itself. And now there arose tremendous confusion. The senators assembled, the equites were seen hurring past on foaming steeds. Long processions marched to the temples, bearing gifts for the shrines and victims for the altars. The vestals assembled around their sacred fire, and as its undying flame arose, besought with tears and prayers their virgin goddess.¹ Priests and flamens were convened. Soothsayers and oracles were consulted. The people ran hither and thither in wild confusion, for their proud forum and regal Rome were in danger of destruction.

And now 'came the priests, bearing wands, and their hair with fillets bound, and delivered the oracular answer, "Rome's best and richest possession must be thrown into the gulf as a propitiatory offering to the offended deities." Loud rose the clamor now from a thousand tongues, as the citizens debated as to what was the most valued possession which Rome could boast among her treasuries, rich with the gathered spoils of conquered tribes, and the tributes of allied nations. Confusion was worse confounded, for who could tell but that the city might be despoiled, and yet the desired end not be attained? And now despair spread her black wing and hovered over the city, casting gloom like a pall on the sky, while terror and dismay were legibly imprinted on every face. But hark! a trumpet's sound is heard from afar off. Nearer now and nearer comes the sound until, with one wild clarion blast of triumph and defiance, a knight, mounted on a gallant charger, bursts into the assembly. The sunbeams blaze in reflected rays from the polished steel which girds his manly breast; they beam in dazzling splendor from the diamonds which adorn his sword-hilt, and gleam in glorious radiance from the rubies which blazon on his helm. It is Marcus Curtius, a youth of noble ancestry. His fathers before him have fought for Rome and died for Rome; and already has he proved by valiant deeds upon the battle field, that he is a worthy scion of a noble stock, and that the honest name he bears never will be dishonored, nor will the escutcheon of his fathers ever be tarnished. Loud shouts the crowd, "Salve, Curti, atavis edite

clarissimis." Beckoning for silence, he cries, "What better or richer treasure can a city possess than arms, and valor, and a patriot who is ready to die for his country's safety?"—then urging his steed, and waving his sword, and shouting aloud, "*Pro patria carissima*," he plunged into the gulf, whose closing walls became his tomb. Yes, the noblest, the best, and the dearest possession which a country can boast amidst her richest treasures is, a true patriot who devotes his life for his countrymen, and is willing to live or ready to die for the security and welfare of his native land.

Pope says that "the proper study of mankind is man." Therefore, that we may properly employ a short time, let us engage in the consideration of man in one of his noblest and most interesting characteristics. When we regard man with reference merely to his physical nature, his noblest attribute is strength; for we admire with a feeling of respect one whose stalwart form and sinewy limbs betoken in him a strength greatly superior to that of his fellows. But this is an attribute common with him to the brutes that perish, and we have the same feelings toward the monarch of the forest. Rising a step higher, we consider man with reference to his mental nature, but still absolutely, and with no reference to any of his relations to others; and here his highest quality is Truth. When we regard him with reference to his spiritual nature, and in his relations as a creature to his great Creator, then his best attribute is Piety. So when we consider man in his manifold relations to his fellow-men as a citizen of

the same State or nation, then his most elevated characteristic is Patriotism.

Patriotism is generally defined a "love of one's country"; but in our opinion a better definition would be "a zeal for one's country." The mere passive emotion of love can never be what is meant by this word. There must be an entire abnegation of self, and a passionate ardor and earnest determination to employ all one's best powers for the benefit of his country, be it his native land or the home of his adoption. There must always be action connected with love to make that love valuable or acceptable to the object upon which it is bestowed. "Faint heart never won fair lady," is an old and true maxim, which took its rise in the days when valiant knights must do deeds of daring and give and receive hard blows in the tourney's ring, in order to win the favor of their lady's smiles. And so it is with all kinds of love; man must prove it not by words, but by deeds. And now comes the consideration what constitutes love of country—that is to say, what deeds must the patriot do, and in what manner must he act so as to prove his patriotism. He can do this, in the first place, by adding to the resources of the country. Let him take the geologist's hammer, or the miner's lamp, and proceed in the career of discoveries. Let him delve deep into the caverns of earth, where the gnomes and dwarfs of fable hold their ward over the rich treasures of genii and fairies; and penetrating the adamantine bolts and bars amid the poisonous blasts of mephitic vapors, secure from harm by the impenetrable armor which Science lends, let him

bring to light the shining heaps of metals and minerals which for ages have lain hidden in earth's dark womb, and waiting there their *palingenesis*. Let him scar the yielding breast of mother earth with many a deep-cut furrow, and bring the lamp of Science to shed its genial rays, and gather all that may be gained from the experience of the past, in order to increase her productiveness. Let him go boldly forth beyond the hitherto untrodden paths in the realms of Science, and Art, and open new roads for the increase of capital and the advancement of enterprise; and from that unknown golden land gather materials by which he may add other bright links to the chain of inventions. Let him traverse the pathless waste of waters carrying to distant lands the products of his own, and bringing in return the wealth of their teeming stores, thus joining far off lands together, appeasing the strifes of foreign nations, and binding them together by the strong but silken bonds of a common civilization. Or let him descend in the diving bell beneath the ocean wave and wander through its coral caves over pearl-strewn floors, and where, like morning's dewy drops, the precious amber falls, and behold the realization of all his boyhood's dreams of Aladdin's fabled gardens, where rubies, and diamonds, and emeralds, and pearls, were the fruit which hung from the gold-crustured boughs. The untold wealth of argosies is there, and "full many a gem the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear." Every new discovery in geology; every new appliance in agriculture; every new invention; every facility for the increase of capital, and every

particle of lost capital restored, is so much added immediately to the wealth and resources, and then to the power and grandeur of a nation; and he who makes these discoveries, appliances, inventions, facilities and restorations, acts truly and well a patriot's part.

But a man can evince his patriotism in the second place, by advancing his country's renown. Let him, by diligent self-culture, gain for himself a great place among the high priests who officiate in the temple of Art. Let him color the glowing canvass or carve the enduring marble, reproducing Nature in her most glorious forms, or giving existence to the radiant images which are the beautiful children of his own brilliant imagination. Let him gain the applause of listening Senates, and cause thousands to hang spell-bound as they hear him evolve grand ideas clothed in the enchanting garb which eloquence affords. Let him wake to melody the living lyre, and with the sweet rhythmic strains of poetry, touch a responsive chord in the hearts of men, lulling their passions, and soothing their sorrows. Or let him rudely sweep the strings, and stir their souls and nerve their arms to deeds of high emprise. Or let him on the battle-field, where man meets man in the terrible struggle for life and death, win for himself a bright page on glory's scroll, and hear the welcoming shouts and joyous songs as a glad nation greets his triumphal car, and hails with pæans the hero returning laden with the spoils of the vanquished; and having added new lustre to his country's arms, and another ray to the halo of glory encircling her name, and all the praise, and honor, and glory,

which will be his as the meed and guerdon of excellence, will be reflected in ten-fold measure upon the land which, as a proud mother, exults in the fame of her son.

And last, but best of all, he can evince his patriotism by doing good to his fellow-citizens. Let him go forth as a Howard did, among the dungeons, and prison-yards, and alms-houses, and among the polluted haunts of the vicious and depraved, bearing comfort to the sin-stricken children of sorrow, and alleviating their pangs. Let him dry the widow's and the orphan's tears, and strengthen and reclaim the weak and erring brother. Let him hold up to perishing sinners the cross upon which our Christ was slain, and point them to the narrow way which leadeth to life eternal, and tell them the Name, the glorious Name, the only Name, by which they can be saved. Or let him, as a Wofford did, spend a life of hardships and toil, that he might found an institution from which, as a fountain source, a triple stream of education, refinement, and religion, might flow forth, refreshing all the land; and from which, as a central sun, the bright rays of a glorious light might stream forth — a light which bursts through the gloom of ignorance and dispels the clouds of error, and penetrates with its grand effulgence into the dark caverns where the vampire Superstition dwells; who, bat-like, hides his dazzled eyes, and flies shrieking away. Yes! if all these deeds be the proofs of patriotism, and those who perform them be patriots, what must be he who, by contributing his wealth to the establishment of a well-ordered College, helps to prepare the youth of his native land to perform ably and well

any or all of these acts, and to fill honorably and usefully any of the positions incident thereto? What must he be but a true patriot, who, by his own exertions, furnishes the means of blessing his country by the spread of education and the dissemination of the principles of honor, truth, and virtue?

Having now briefly and hurriedly considered patriotism objectively, as to its proofs, and as to who is the patriot, let us now consider it subjectively. Patriotism, the mere love of country, is a natural instinct; and as such is universal, existing in greater or less degree among all men, and not depending at all, as to its strength, upon their rank in the scale of civilization. This principle is one of the beneficent provisions of a kind Providence, causing men to dwell contentedly in, and to love better than all others, their own lands, be they barren or fruitful. It is this which makes the ice-bound coasts of Greenland seem to the Esquimaux but the barriers which shut out the rest of the world from their Paradise; and it is this which makes the burning sun, beaming down with tropical fierceness upon the arid plains of Sierra Leone, seem to the negro but the genial warmth, fructifying the garden spot of the world.

In a more exalted degree, rising from a mere instinct into a sentiment, it was this glorious principle which prompted the immortal three hundred when they exchanged *death* for immortality at Thermopylæ. It was this which, as long as it remained vigorous and uncorrupted, rendered Greece invincible. And it was this, and this alone, which overcame every other feeling in

the breast of Brutus, and prompted him when he struck the dagger to the tyrant's heart. In modern times, this principle of patriotism, animating the English barons, extorted from their monarch at Runnymede for them and their descendants, the priceless privileges of the Magna Charta. This sustained our forefathers during the eventful days of '76, and won for us the liberties we now enjoy; the glorious inalienable rights of free speech, a free press, and a free Church. It is patriotism which has filled the long rolls of glory with the names of heroes; and it is patriotism which has filled the niches of Fame's grand temple with the statues of demi-gods. O patriotism! heaven-born, God-given, earth-blessing patriotism! long mayest thou dwell in this our beautiful land, thine own chosen home. O patriotism! guardian, protector! long mayest thou spread thy broad ægis over us, warding off danger. O patriotism! bright angel, shining spirit! long may it be ere, sickened with our sins, and disgusted at our crimes, thou shalt, with blushing cheeks, and tearful eyes, and drooping pinions, wing thy flight to thy heavenly home; far, far be the day when thou shalt depart from this land of the free.

But patriotism, though like its kindred principle charity, is universal in its extension; yet, like charity, it should always begin at home. And surely for us at the South, in these days of intriguing conventions, and log-rolling caucuses, and wire-pulling politicians, now and here is the time for its commencement; and there is need of all the patriot's vigilance and caution now, for of a truth the dark days are upon us. There is a por-

tentous cloud which, rising first as little as a human hand, has increased till its gloom overspreads our whole northern horizon. Insult upon insult has been heaped upon the South. One right after another has been encroached on. One safeguard after another of the liberties which the Constitution guaranteed to us has been torn away, until Southern Equality and Southern Rights have become by-words, and things for scoffs and jeers. The signs of the times warn us that the danger is imminent that this Union, founded by the wisdom of our patriot ancestors on a soil yet wet with the blood of freedom's martyrs, will not much longer exist; that a bright constellation is about to be swept from the political heavens, and that the United States of North America must go take their place among the nations of history. And better so! Better far that this Union be dissolved than that a confederation of sovereign States without equal rights to all its members should exist. The grand experiment has failed, and conservative democracy has become fanatical mobocracy. The feeling of hatred to the South now existing at the North has not been the mushroom offspring of an hour, but has been the strong and steady growth of years. Eternal hostility to the South and to her most vital and cherished institutions has been taught to the children in Northern schools; has been thundered forth on the Lord's-day from Northern pulpits; and has been sworn on Northern altars; and John Brown was sent to write the oath in Southern blood on Southern soil. That blood cries aloud for vengeance; and surely it is time for the South to arise in her might and hurl

back the declaration of an irrepressible conflict, and "take up arms against this sea of troubles, and by opposing end them." Shall we wait for further aggressions? Shall we wait for more degrading insults? Even a crawling worm will turn to bite the heel which treads upon it; and shall the South, the land of chivalry, and the chosen home of honor and valor, tamely submit to be reduced to a state of vassalage? Forbid it Heaven! No! animated with the spirit of our sires; catching inspiration from every breeze which blows over Cowpens, King's Mountain, and Eutaw, and armed with the justice of our cause, let us go forth trusting in the God of battles, and fight bravely in defence of Truth and the Right. True, the odds against us are fearful and the result doubtful; but death is preferable to dishonor; and let us strive for Southern Independence even at the risk of utter destruction. God grant that ere death's scythe shall cut me down, this arm may strike one blow for Southern Rights.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

I THINK if a man dies discharging his duty, he dies a noble death, and a home in heaven will be his reward. * * * But I would like extremely to come home. I try to enjoy myself, and make others happy around me; but every pleasure, every happiness, is alloyed with some pain. I have an undefinable yearn-

ing after home and its pleasant, quiet enjoyments. I am surrounded here by friends, and have all the comforts of home; but here I have no mother to watch over me, no father to soothe my hours of sickness or pain, and no sisters and brother to be my companions and kind and gentle friends. All here *like* me, but none *love* me. [March, 1856.]

You speak of religion to me, and I often think about it, and hope the day is not far distant when I may be among the children of God, having a mansion prepared for me in heaven. [1856.]

But there are "recollections of the past, pleasant yet mournful to the soul," on such a day as this. As I sit and write, there comes before my soul's view a sight of pleasing nature. I see a happy father coming home, and laughing children run to meet him; and there is one little beauteous, boyish form, clasped first to his father's breast. The children precede their sire to a lovely garden, blooming bright with spring's first flowers, and there the mother sits among the flowers, and bears upon her bosom as fair a floweret as in that garden grows. 'Tis the babelet, raised among the flowers until she is as fair as they, who stretches her tiny arms to welcome father *home*. And now the scene changes. There is the mother older, but not less happy, and another rosebud rests upon her bosom. There are the two sisters. The little bud has opened

and become a pretty, blushing, half-blown rose. But — is not there. The flowers are as sweet and pretty as before, but he is not there to sport among them, and gather sweets from every blossom. No, he joins an angel-band in the gardens of the Lord, where he chants a choral song of praise. Did I say he was not with the rest? O! he *is* with them all now. I lift with trembling hand the misty veil which hides the known from the unknown, and I see a fairy form with wings resplendent with a thousand rainbow tints, and in his hands there is a harp, and on his head there is a crown such as king or emperor never wore, which hovers over that happy home-group. [March 9, 1857.]

There is such a holy quietness about the country, that thoughts of purity, and love, and heaven come to me as soon as I get here. [1859.]

Hip! hip! hurrah! for the pen mightier than the sword—richer than a gold mine! Tell mother that I, who never have written for any thing but fame, am getting *argent* and *or* to gild my laurel leaves. If I only get a dollar for my pay, I will prize it more than all the rest of my salary. It is the beginning (small indeed, but it is the beginning) of what I hope will be a useful, profitable, and honorable course. Writing has always been that in which I most wished to excel, and my only and greatest ambition has been to be famous as an author. I would rather be a poet than a

president, or any thing else on earth. This is really and truly what I feel; and I think when a man has such a love for and pride in the object of his desires, he is generally sure of success. I can overcome my disinclination to labor, and work, and toil, and even read dull books, if by these means I can help myself on in my pursuit. But I do not have to labor much for my poetry, such as it is: I only have to feel and then write down exactly what I feel as I feel it. I know that very often my after conduct and previous behavior are very much at variance with the sentiments I express; but I thank God for it, that while I am writing, I really do feel what I say. As to taking a subject and thinking about it, and then sitting down and turning out a smooth and polished poem, I cannot do it. I couldn't write a Fourth of July ode, or a song for a celebration, or any thing else that I had to prepare myself for, and was tied down to a certain idea, etc. I know nothing of short and long syllables, and feet, and dactyls, and spondees, and all that sort of thing; but I sit down sometimes, when I feel that I must write something, and can't help myself, and then I write something about whatever comes into my head; and I very often succeed in producing a pretty little musical lyric. And however much you may laugh at my vanity, I think that, for music and simple beauty, not many of our present young poets are much my superiors. And now I sincerely beg your pardon for troubling you; but I got started, and couldn't help it. [1859.]

I do not wish to keep at school-teaching all my life, short as it may be. I want to go out and mingle among men. But I really do believe that, considering my excitable temperament, it is much better for me that I should be able to keep away from the turmoil and excitement which would then surround me. [October, 1859.]

I enclose you some things which I have cut from the newspapers. Some of them will please you; some you may not like, on account of your aversion to love-lyrics. But the poetry is good, and the music is sweet, though the sentiment may not please you. And yet there is or can be nothing more refining or elevating to a man's nature than this sort of sentiment. Besides, these little songlets give a man a place to express a good many little pretty fancies that sometimes hover in his imagination, and worry and tickle the brain until they find modes of expression. [February, 1859.]

Have you ever read Alexander Smith? If not, you should read his Poems. I read them the other day for the first time. There is something about them of such an original wildness, such deep penetration into the remote unknown, as you find in no other. He is cramped, it seems to me, in his poetry. He is often faulty in expression; but this results, I think, from the wild poetic spirit within which longs to escape the tenement of clay where now it dwells, to throw off all

mortality and earthly taint, and fly away, singing and rejoicing in its freedom, through the wide regions of the immaterial. [1859.]

All the praise which comes from any thing I do, or write, or say, I rejoice at, because it will please father and mother. I am now, as ever, unambitious. I will be glad of fame, if it come without labor. About the world's opinion I do not care a straw. So whenever I do any thing, it is for that small, sweet world, my family, whom I love more than I show, and more than they know. [1859.]

I would have written to you when I heard of A——'s death, but I could not. And I have not been able to trust myself to write to ——. If constant recurrence can familiarize one with death, I ought to be, and am getting to be, accustomed to the feeling which comes when we hear of the death of a friend. One after one they have gone, and are going. My turn will come after a while. When it comes, I *think* I will be *ready*. [1859.]

I am very sorry that — has returned in such a poor state of health. It is very mournful to see a young man, just starting upon life, with every nerve sprung for the combat, and his heart beating high with the elation of hope, suddenly stopped just at the threshold, and his face turned from the beautiful pros-

pect, to look upon another picture of a short life, rendered painful and weary by disease, and darkened by the presaging shadow of swift and certain death. It is sad to see the pillars of the temple, one by one, giving way, and the whole grand, God-made structure beginning to crumble and dissolve. [1859.]

We had a Burns Festival in Camden last night, and an address was delivered by Mr. Wm. M. Martin, in the presence of a large and fashionable audience, who seemed to be very well pleased. As I had only nine days' notice, of course it was gotten up very hurriedly, and occupied all my leisure hours during those days. It is not as fine a production as I would wish, but it is very creditable. It sounds much better than it reads. I was invited by the Committee of Arrangements, consisting of Messrs. —, —, —, —, —. On Tuesday afternoon, then, behold me in gorgeous array, just as fine as two or three fiddles, large fiddles, bass viols, riding up in my carriage (I had one all to myself) to Col. K——'s, where I took tea and completed my toilet. I then went to the hall, and, escorted by the committee, ascended the platform, and was introduced in a very pretty speech to the audience by Col. K——. I spoke about half an hour. After the oration, we proceeded to supper at the hotel. I was led to the head of the table, and occupied the seat of honor on the right hand of the president. After supper, the first regular toast—"To the memory of Robert Burns"—was read. To this Col. K—— responded, and con-

cluded by offering, on the part of the committee, the following toast: "The youthful orator, Mr. Wm. M. Martin, who has distinguished himself by his able and eloquent effort to-night: may the end of his career be as happy as its beginning has been honorable." They called on me, and I arose and said: "Mr. President and Gentlemen:—After the elegant and sumptuous repast of which I have just partaken, and to which I did ample justice—more, I fear, than I did to the character of Burns—I can almost say that I am *too full* for utterance. For the kind manner in which you have been pleased to notice my humble efforts for your entertainment this evening, allow me to tender my heartfelt acknowledgments. Conscious that the great theme of the Life and Character of Robert Burns was too much for my abilities, I would have declined the invitation from the committee to address you, but I felt that all the Scotch blood in my veins would rush to my face in a blush of shame if I refused to do all that lay in my power to give honor to the memory of Robert Burns. I say that I thank you for your kindness; but kindness, coming from the citizens of Camden, is not unexpected or unaccustomed to me. With you were spent some of the brightest days of my boyhood, and to them will memory often revert as bright oases in life's pilgrimage; and now in manhood's earliest days, when a kind fortune has again cast my lot among you, I come not as a stranger, but as a traveler returning home to be greeted by warm hearts and smiling faces. In conclusion, permit me to offer you the following sentiment: I give you, 'The memory of Keith

S. Moffat, a true Scotchman, a brave soldier, a good Christian, and an honest man: we hope that ere long a monumental pile will mark the spot where now he sleeps, his warfare done.'” The last regular toast that was read was *Woman*. Here again I was called out, and responded in a few words. I told them that when persons were toasted, it was customary for them or some of their friends to respond. I was sorry there were no ladies there to answer for themselves. I was not a woman. I wished I was half as good as one. But I was a great friend of woman. I had a great partiality for them. My mother was a woman, and I thought women generally a great institution. What could we do without them, to add brightness to our joys, and to share and soothe our sorrows? Why, lawyers even liked women. .

“Fee simple, and simple fee,
And all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared with thee,
Thou best of fees, *fe-male*.”

“Auld nature swears the lovely dears,” etc.

I told them that when I got to talking about women, I must quit dull prose, and let my fancy roam in verse, and then repeated those verses of mine, “What is woman,” etc. [1859.]

How sad a thing, to speak conventionally, is Miss ——’s death! And yet who knows but that it is a most blessed and gracious dispensation? If we believe in an overruling Providence, we must believe that it

was for some good purpose. She was called away before she knew much of sorrow or any thing of care, and has been spared all the troubles and griefs which must surely come to us who must, in obedience to the requirements of Providence, remain here longer and enjoy (?) a long life. Sometimes I think that I would be glad to exchange situations with an etherealized spirit, and leave this world ; but then I think that I may have something allotted to me to perform in the future, and I quietly bide my time. But it is truly a sorrowful thing for one who enjoys life as she did, and who has every element of happiness around her, and the brightest vista wherein to look down the future and see nothing but real pleasure and unalloyed joy, to have to resign all her friends, and all her joys, and all her hopes, *save one*, and change bright hopes and loving smiles for the cold, dark grave, and the battenning worms. There is one hope left to some: you say it was to her. Let us who were her friends, and who love, and revere, and sympathize with her parents, thank God for that, and pray that when all earthly scenes are fading, and the rippling of the river becomes more and more distinct, that one hope, better than all others, may be a beacon-light to guide us safely through the gloom of the valley and across the dark waters. [1859.]

Tell — those violets were *very, very* sweet. I have a heart somewhere, and it is sometimes reached. Those sweet flowers thrilled it with such memories of home, and love, and youth, and innocence! [1860.]

Most of the sufferers in that tragedy in Camden are poor people. God pity them! In such times as this, it does make us sympathize as though we were related. The great human bond of brotherhood comes into play, and makes us mourn with those who mourn. I have seen that self-same flat crowded with a number of bright and happy ones, and they were spared. These others were taken. Rest their souls! [1860.]

I have read fifty-nine Psalms and one of the chapters in Jay's Exercises every night since I have been here. I believe that my health will stand me well, but these people seem to look upon fever as the rule and health the exception. I do not believe, though, that I am going to die yet. I hope and I think that there is something for me to do yet; and I believe that God will spare me until it, whatever it may be, is accomplished. I cannot believe that Providence would have interfered so often and so signally in my affairs, and in my behalf, but for some good purpose. I do assure you truthfully that I pray every day for God to change my heart. I hope that I am better than I was, but I fear greatly. [1860.]

I never lie down without opening my window and looking up at the bright stars, and thanking God for his mercies and his beauties. [1860.]

But the mountains, grand as they are, cannot compare with the sea. I cannot describe the emotions with which I first gazed upon its broad expanse. You may think me foolish and romantic, but it excited me beyond measure. And I went away off on the island by myself, at night, and drank in its deep beauty; and I prayed to God, feeling nearer to him than I had ever felt before. I was very much excited. It seemed to me that I would very gladly have let it seize me in its embraces and carry me away, away, into that dim unknown, that mist-covered afar-off, whence with the rising tide it came, and whither it hastened to return. [1860.]

Mine host, besides being very dull company, is very conceited, and thinks he knows as much as I do. Only think of his reading a piece of my poetry, and then saying, with a conscious, self-depreciating air, "Well, that's one thing I never could do;" as if any one in the wildest ravings of insanity would ever imagine that he could! [1860.]

That was a beautiful little piece of Mrs. Stratton's. She ought to write more, if she could. I think her one of the best of all our Southern poets, or Northern either. She ought to be encouraged. What a pity that there is no Mæcenas now-a-days who would support us poor, starveling poet-rascals, requiring only a little flattery in return! I have so much to do—so many things to write, if I only had time, during this

very delicious weather. In the summer I can do nothing in that way at all. I hate to put pen to paper. That story of Mrs. E——'s, in the Enquirer, was uncommonly well done. Some of its descriptions were immensely fine. And don't D—— write piquant contributorials? [1860.]

What a curious and strange experience mine has been of life! I have lived a novel—one of Reynolds's or Sue's, may be—yet it is a novel. And I believe that the different scenes and actions I have passed through, will yet work out good. I have seen an overruling Providence, a special Providence almost, in every action of my life. If not a special Providence who sees and foreordains every thing, it must be the strangest Chance. I know, if I know any thing, that it is not Chance. [1860.]

He was as much sinned against as sinning. He was despised as weak and variable, because he yielded to the strong influences by which he was surrounded. How many of us are there who would resist successfully? Think of his trials, think of his nature, and think of his kind and loving heart, and judge him lightly. He has gone, with all his faults and imperfections, to the presence of his Maker, who said that we should forgive an erring brother seventy times seven, and whose dearest attribute is mercy. [1860.]

However, be this as it may, I hope yet to be an humble, meek, and faithful follower of the lowly Jesus. My manners may appear light and trifling, and I may be light and foolish myself; but I know that I have at the bottom a good, warm, true, and loving heart. [1860.]

I have finished all the law I have, and am reviewing it. But it is with an unwilling mind that I throw aside my pen, and banish my beautiful fancies, to take up a dry law-book, or throw down Shakspeare and take up Chitty on Bills, I should like to meet Timrod. He is a better poet, I think, than any other in South Carolina, except, perhaps, Hayne. D—— had a beautiful poem in the last Enquirer, entitled, “To Thee.” You ought to know him, though it would take you a long time to do so. He is a noble man. Wasn’t it kind in M—— to send me that beautiful book? I had seen it, and admired, and coveted it often. [1860.]

The wedding last week, of which I spoke, was so slow an affair, that it has left no noticeable points upon my memory worth recording. I and Dr. —, and two aged females, indulged in a game of club-fist, much to the delight of old — — and his son, the preacher, who has any quantity of initials to his name, a few among which are—of course. This game afforded me much internal satisfaction, thinking how some of my fashionable friends would rejoice at the

spectacle. Then we had a game of "Solomon says so and so," like unto "Simon says wig-wag," of precious memory. This was a game of pawns; but one very ancient, toothless female, protested that there should be no kissing, because "sich carrying ons is rediclus": so we had a slow time at this. Then we played "'Pon honor," where hand was placed on hand, and then drawn and withdrawn, until a certain uumber had been counted. The unhappy person upon whom the lot fell was then asked divers questions, which had to be answered "'pon honor": — such questions as, "Who's you in love with?" "When's you goin' to git married?" etc. I put on my gloves and went at it, causing much mirth by my answers, and making quite a divertisement by inquiring of the female on my left, with the six-inch high coronet, "How old are you?" The supper was eaten at a long table in the yard, and the scene was really very picturesque. The females and men were got up quite gaudily, with any quantity of beads and breastpins; and these reflected the light from the fire-stands, which were blazing in the yard all about. One old gentleman asked me if I had ever heard of Lorenzo Dow, and, upon my answering affirmatively, proceeded to tell me a great many anecdotes of him, all of which I had heard before, and of all of which he forgot the point, but made up for it by laughing most heartily and contagiously. [1860.]

I do not understand why good Christian ——— should be "quite broken up," unless by sympathetic excitement. What has she ever done to be "broken

up" about? She has no sins to be sorry for. Come to the rationale of it: she is born in sin, and must seek for a new heart; but why should she be so grieved, so sorrowful for sin? How can she repent in tears for sins she has never committed? Now, there would be some reason in such a wicked sinner as I have been being "broken up" and grievously afflicted at the remembrance of guilt and sin, and become affected to tears and groans in seeking pardon; but for one who has lived so very blamelessly as —, I do not see why it should be, unless from sympathy and excitement. Don't misunderstand me. It may be all right, but I don't understand it. There are many things, very many things, about heaven and God, and the system of Christianity, which I don't and can't understand, and, thank God, I have quit trying to; and now I do believe I have faith in Him who died to save. I am not a Christian, nor am I under conviction, as I know of; but I am much nearer the light than I was six months ago. I am no unbeliever now. [1860.]

I write to-day to let you know that I am thinking of you now; indeed, I always think of you, but more especially to-day, your birthday. It may be that my actions have shortened the number of the returns of this day to you; but O! forgive me and pity me. I do not think that I will grieve you again as I have done: I pray not, and hope not. I do not feel any change of heart yet, but I do feel more strongly determined than I ever did to try and act well in future. I read my

Bible daily, and pray every day, thus acknowledging my dependence on God at least, if nothing more. I know that any service of mine can but be very imperfect, for I have wandered far away from the right path; but I do try to render some, as little as it may be. I have been thinking a great deal lately, trying to school myself to be willing to put away a great many things which may hinder me and prevent me from being an upright man. I feel that I am weak, and I need the strength of One that is higher than I. I know that you pray for me, and I have hope from that: without it, it seems very dark. I suppose I can hardly expect to be a rejoicing Christian, favored with great manifestations of God's love; but I do wish to be a good man, if I can. [1860.]

This is Friday night, and I always feel as if it were almost sacrilegious to employ it for any other purpose than amusement or social enjoyment; and in compliance with my views, I sit down now for a little talk with one whom I am proud to number among "the many that I love," and who is, I hope, one of "the few who love me." A letter is a perfect godsend to me in my forlorn and desolate condition. Even a dun loses somewhat of its sombre hue; and when one comes kindly and genially, like yours, it is like a vision of an angel in the night-time. [February, 1860.]

By-the-bye, I received an epistle from my sister this morning; and she writes of a very delightful visit to

my favorite of all places, except the sea-shore — Cæsar's Head. And she says that, by your kindness and politeness, the visit was rendered the more pleasant. I wish I could have been with you. Nothing elevates or exhilarates me more, mentally, or physically, or spiritually, than to stand on Cæsar's Head and look out upon the great, beautiful world. It, next to the ocean, realizes more completely than any thing else my ideas, or rather my dreamings, of eternity and infinity. * * * * There is one thing in your letter about "the power of some lifeless things that moves one like a living soul." To my mind, *it is a living soul*, the great *soul* or *sympathy* of nature, the *Alma Naturæ*; and I wish to talk with you more concerning this same subject. At present, adieu. [August, 1860.]

I write now, having just been relieved from guard-duty of twenty-four hours; and hard duty it was; and consequently I am very much exhausted. We have had one small engagement, of which I suppose you know the particulars from the papers. We expected an attack momentarily from Fort Sumter, in which we were agreeably disappointed. I was not near as much excited as I thought I would be; and I was not at all frightened, but stood at my gun with my finger on the vent, giving my orders as coolly as if in a common drill. We look for a fight every hour, and I believe we are ready. I try to do my duty towards God and man as well as I can. We expect the Brooklyn in with

troops; but there are preparations made to prevent her entrance. If she comes, we will fire into her, and Anderson will pitch into us. [1861.]

We will have a fight before the week is out, I expect. Some of us will fall: perhaps I may. If I do, I want you to know that I have tried to do my duty faithfully and manfully. I have been a wilful, disobedient son; but I have always dearly loved the dear folks at home. I hope that God in his great mercy will pardon my sins for Christ's sake. I write this lying on my bed, every moment expecting to be called up to my post. I have kept my bed part of yesterday and to-day, on account of illness. We were called to our guns night before last, and spent the night until 5 o'clock, A. M., standing at our posts. Two suspicious boats were reported in the offing, and, as they came nearer, we fired into them. One of the shot just grazed them. They stood out to sea until daylight, and then came in, and proved to be two Pee Dee boats laden with supplies for us. The blame rests entirely upon the boats, for they did not display the right signals. The night was intensely cold, and I contracted a cold, with some fever. This has put me a little under the weather, but I am much better now. Everybody has been very kind to me. [January 31, 1861.]

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